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THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Hate not husbandry, which God hath ordained."
THE SON OF SIRACH.

When the Creator's hand had placed
In this terrestrial scene,
Man, in His own high image form'd,
Majestic and serene,
Bade He this ruler of the globe
To mountain summits soar?
Or for the wealth of gold and gems
Its secret mines explore?

Or blow the rocks to atoms?
Or boil the floods to steam?
Or with harpoon and hook transfix
The people of the stream?
Or bring with forge and hammer
Enormous shapes to light?
Or study till the midnight toil
Enwrapp'd the brain in night?

No,—'twas the Arbiter's command
Mid that delightful glade
To "*dress and keep the garden*," where
His Eden home was made;
And when no more his alien head
In Paradise might rest,
To till the earth from whence he came
Was still his Sire's behest.

So, look not with an eye of scorn
Upon the farmer's state,
Ye, young and thoughtless sons of ease,
With luxury elate,
For beings of a purer sphere
A different balance hold,
And Cincinnatus' plough prefer
To Nero's House of Gold.

Earth, whom he clothes with corn and fruits,
Accounteth him her friend,
And yields him fragrance when he makes
Her clover-harvests bend;
And healthful vigor as he roams
Among his thriving herds,
Touching that key-tone in his heart
Which wakes the song of birds.

She folds him in her arms at last,
Like mother sad and kind,
And bids the daisy not forget
The curtaining turf to bind
That wraps his bed in cool embrace,
Who, peaceful and unstained,
Fill'd with fidelity the lot
[illegible]

Hartford, Conn., Sept. [illegible]

NORA DEANE;

OR,

THE GUERRILLAS OF MILLBROOK.

A STORY OF THE PRESENT STRUGGLE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB JR.

INTRODUCTION.

The following letter, which I took from the Post-Office before these pages were commenced, needs no explanation:

"ST. LOUIS, MO., *13th March*, 1863.

S. COBB, JR., ESQ.—DEAR SIR:—Since I left your pleasant abode I have seen our friends M. and S., and have corresponded with R. T., who is now with Banks in Louisiana. They have no objections to the publication of the incidents about which we conversed; but they *have* objections to the use, in any public print, of their names, or places of abode. I told them that you intended the story of their remarkable trials and adventures for the columns of the NEW YORK LEDGER; and that, if so permitted, you would confine yourself, as nearly as possible, to the facts as I had given them to you. So, *mon ami*, you can go ahead; and if you can make the story as interesting to your readers as it was interesting to me, they will have occasion to thank you for the enjoyment. Our gentle sister of the parsonage is very sensitive touching this matter; and I know you will govern your pen according to the restrictions she has placed upon you. Wishing you every success in the undertaking,
I remain yours truly,
F. D. M———."

DEAR READERS:—I shall write this story, giving the incidents as they were given to me, and unravelling one of the strangest domestic plots that ever came to my knowledge. From those already acquainted with the actors of the drama I cannot hope to conceal the identity of my characters; but I will nevertheless keep the promise which I gave to my friend in St. Louis, and lead no strangers to gaze rudely upon our gentle heroine.

CHAPTER I.

MILLBROOK.

Upon a branch of one of the tributaries of the Missouri River was situated the estate of Gilbert Marshall. This branch was quite a stream of itself, and flowed through one of the most beautifully diversified sections of the "Garden of the West." Upon its bank was a large mill, which had been erected by Mr. Marshall upon the site of a smaller affair, where, in times past, but little work was done, but where now the grain was ground to feed the mouths of many thousand people. From the time of the earliest settlers this stream had been called the Mill Brook; and when Gilbert Marshall erected his spacious dwelling, and opened the rich lands to cultivation, MILLBROOK was the name given to his estate.

It was toward the close of a dark, cloudy day in mid-summer. Dark without; and dark within! Death came upon the sighing breeze from afar; and death lingered over the mansion at Millbrook! Men were dying upon the field of battle, as men have died since human passions led to human wickedness; and men were dying in their beds, where the dark angel had folded his funeral wings for a season.

Gilbert Marshall was dying. The political and social power of other days could not serve him now; nor could his vast wealth purchase respite of the grim destroyer. A disease which had long made him weak was finally to conquer. He was dying of consumption; though his physicians had assured him that he might count upon life for some weeks yet if he was careful. But he had not been careful. He had ventured beyond prescribed limits, and a fresh and startling hemorrhage of the lungs was the consequence.

"Jake," said the sufferer, after the bleeding had subsided, addressing the servant who had been attending him, "go and find your young master and send him to me."

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1863, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



STARTLING NEWS.

"Ob course you means Mas'r Harry?" queried the negro, stopping at the door.

"Certainly. You will have no other master when I am gone."

"Bress de Lord for dat!" ejaculated Jake, as he left the room.

In a little while the young master came; and when he saw how pale and wan the sick man looked, he hurried to the bedside and sank down upon his knee.

Harry Marshall was the eldest son—the only child of Gilbert Marshall's first wife. He was eight-and-twenty years of age; tall and well-formed; with a frank and intellectual countenance; dark eyes, and waving, glossy brown hair; and possessing, in the highest degree, all those characteristics of mind and body which go to the making up of the true man. His manner, as he entered that chamber, showed that he loved his father truly and devotedly; and it was evident enough that the love and devotion were reciprocal.

"Harry," spoke the invalid, "bring a chair and sit by my side." His voice was weak and gave token of physical exhaustion.

The son did as directed, and then Mr. Marshall motioned for his servant to leave the room.

"Harry, where is Christopher?"

"He has gone to Bayville."

"Has his mother gone with him?"

"Yes. They went away shortly after breakfast."

"I trust that the storm will not keep them from returning to-night. If they come not back before to-morrow they may never see me again on earth."

"My dear father, I pray to God without ceasing that you may be spared to us for many years yet to come; but my hope does not lead me to the comforting assurance. I know what the physicians have said; and I now fear the worst. This last attack is most unfortunate."

"This last attack is the fatal one, my son; and I cannot long survive it. O, I must see my wife and Christopher before I die."

"We have been thoughtless," cried Harry, starting to his feet. "One of the boys shall mount a fleet horse, and set off at once after them."

This plan pleased the sufferer, and the order was quickly given.

After Harry Marshall had seen the messenger depart he returned to his father's bedside.

"Now, my boy," said the planter, "I have something to say unto you. First, tell me, is there any news?"

"Nothing that you have not already heard, father. I received a letter last evening from a friend in New Orleans, and he informed me that the city is quiet and orderly. General Butler rules with a strong hand, and considers himself safe in his position. They are confident that the opening and controlling of the entire Mississippi by the Federal forces is only a question of time. We have nothing new from the army of the Potomac since the disastrous battles before Richmond."

The dying man brushed his thin, pale hand across his brow, and murmured inaudibly to himself. Then he reached forth and took the hand of his son.

"Harry, you are my first-born and my well-beloved. Upon your shoulders I leave the labor and the burden. Be true to your God—be true to your country! As a man you are bound by the moral law. As a citizen you are bound by the laws of the Nation. I have always felt proud that I was an American citizen; and the old flag which my father bore through fire and smoke at New Orleans must not be dishonored by him who bears my family name. I have been brought up in the South, and I have inherited the habits and the property of my ancestors; and, what is more, I have inherited a citizenship and a nationality which I hold dear above all other earthly possessions. As I lay here, with my body failing, my mind seems to grow stronger and clearer. In the disunion of these States I see nothing but anarchy, disaster and destruction. As well might you sever the body of a man in twain, and expect the dissevered parts to live in health, as [illegible] peace and prosperity [illegible] Union. My [illegible] with much prosperity [illegible] that material wealth is not alone capable of giving blessing. You have heard the story of the poor traveller upon the great desert, who was dying of hunger and thirst, and who yet had thousands of dollars' worth of pearls and precious stones about his person. He famished and died, and the vultures and the jackals fought over the decaying body. His great wealth was of no use to him. And so it is with us at the present time. If we cast away the glorious and benificent institutions which have elevated us among nations, and which have given value and security to our worldly possessions, the vultures and the jackals of discord and rapine will tear in pieces our fallen body, and mountains of gold cannot save us. O, my boy, be true to the old Flag! Stand by your country in her hour of peril, and help her in her time of need. Sustain the government with all your power."

"My father," said Harry Marshall, with deep and solemn emotion, "you have no need to speak thus to me; and yet I like to hear such words from your lips. When I prove a traitor to my country may the hand of death arrest me in the wicked course. When my hand is raised against the old Flag, may the arm be palsied and its strength depart forever!"

The father wept tears of joy and gratitude as he pressed the hand of his son, and the murmur of thanksgiving was upon his lips. But by-and-by the peaceful look was overshadowed by a cloud.

"Harry, how is it with your brother?"

The young man started, for the question was an echo of his own thoughts.

"I trust he is true," was the reluctant answer.

"You must educate him, Harry. You must lead him in the right way. I know he is not like you; but he may grow into a good and true man.—I hope so!"

Harry echoed the hope.

Gilbert Marshall was growing weak. More blood came from his lungs, and his son had to hold him up to prevent his choking. After a time, however, he became easy again, and he then asked for Mr. Deane. He had sent for him two hours ago.

"He will be here before long," said Harry. "He may have been away when our messenger arrived; but we know he will come as soon as he learns of your request."

After a short pause the invalid said:

"There is one thing of which I would speak, Harry, before Mr. Deane arrives. By my will I give to you the estate of Millbrook, with all its belongings, save the servants. They become free at my death, and I trust that you will keep them if they wish to remain with you, and pay them a fair compensation for their labor."

"I shall do it," replied Harry; "and I furthermore assure you that the plan is in perfect harmony with my own feelings."

"Those servants belonging to my wife," pursued the planter, "will be at her own disposal, and I suppose she will keep them. To Christopher I give enough to make him independent. I could not divide Millbrook; so I have given him money and stocks, and he can purchase an estate of his own if he pleases. But, you will remember, he is to have a home at Millbrook, if he desires it, so long as he has no family of his own. Of course your step-mother will find a kind friend in you."

"Dear father," replied Harry, with deep emotion, "you have no need to place those injunctions upon me."

"I know it—I know it, my son; and yet I could not help speaking." Gilbert Marshall's voice faltered, and his look was troubled, as he added—"Christopher will need counsel and assistance. He is not as you were. He is not what I wish he was. Ah, my dear Harry, he had not such a mother as you had! O, you must bear with them both. Bear with them for my sake."

"I will, father, so far as it may be in my power."

"Do not misunderstand me, H[illegible] that you shall bear with them so [illegible] consistently with your own dignity. [illegible] expect you to bow to them."

"I understand you, father; and I will do all I can for the weal of your wife and her child."

Mr. Marshall was upon the point of speaking further, when one of the servants entered, and announced that Mr. Deane had arrived.

Allan Deane was an old man, and his hair was almost white. He had seen five-and-sixty years of life, most of which had been passed in the wilds of the Western World. He was a clergyman, having been regularly ordained in his youth, and for more than forty years he had dispensed the hopes of the Gospel to the people of that region. His was a mission of true Christianity. To the poor and needy he delighted to minister; and those who knew Allan Deane best loved him most. Age had not bent his form nor dimmed his eye. He was slightly over six feet high; as erect and robust as in healthiest youth; for his life had been a temperate one, and those lessons of industry and frugality which he preached to others he failed not to practice himself. Quiet and peaceful, he had moved on in the even tenor of his way; though, as he had several times expressed it, in order to secure that peace he had more than once been forced to exhibit a little wholesome power which a weaker man might not have been able to wield.

Allan Deane was a true man, and a Christian, and for years he had been Gilbert Marshall's bosom friend. He had four sons in the Union army, and he might himself have been in the military harness had he not seen that his presence might be needed in the neighborhood of his home.

"Mr. Deane," spoke Marshall, as the clergyman approached his bedside, "I have been waiting for you. I have much to say to you."

The visitor sat down, and took his friend's hand; and there was an involuntary shake of the head when he saw the fresh marks of disease.

"My dear Marshall, I have answered your call as quickly as possible; and now, if you have much to say to me, you had better begin with that which is most important."

"You think I have not long to stay," remarked the planter.

"I think," replied Deane, bluntly, "that you had better do all important business first."

"You are right." Mr. Marshall thus spoke, and then turned to his son:

"Harry, will you leave us alone for a few moments."

The young man went out, and when the two were alone, the planter raised himself upon his pillow, and resumed:

"My dear friend, I have many things to say to you. First, I am dying,—I know it."

"Life is uncertain at best," replied the minister.

"And my life is almost over for earth," continued the invalid. "I am going, and I want you to befriend my family as you have befriended me. I have much faith in your power. O, if you could only lead Christopher to be a true man!"

"I will do all I can."

"I know you will. You must save Christopher if you can. I fear that I have not loved him as I ought to have done. Do you think it will be laid up against me?"

"Don't think of such things, Marshall."

"But I cannot help thinking of them. My youngest son I have not loved as I loved the first. Sometimes I think I have almost hated him. He has tried me sorely."

"You have hated the evil there was in him," suggested Deane, soothingly. "And, if you have not loved him as much as you have loved Harry, it is simply because there was not so much to love. I think that is all plain; so you had better pass it by."

"Thank you, Deane. But—there is one thing more: I fear that Cristopher is under bad influences. I am fearful that he sympathizes with the enemies of his country."

The clergyman shrugged his shoulders.

"O, sir,—if you could bring any healthy influence to bear upon him he might be saved."

"My brother," said Allan Deane, "you need not remind me of my duties to the members of your family. Leave them in the hands of God; and I will assist them as heaven will give me opportunity." He seemed to shrink from further conversation touching Christopher, for he knew that it could not be pleasant nor profitable; and, furthermore, he feared that it might lead to another subject which he did not wish to have broached. He knew that Christopher Marshall was under bad influences; but those influences were not all outside of Millbrook.

In a little while Gilbert Marshall said:

"I shall not live to see our families united. I had hoped that I might call Nora my daughter before I died."

"She loves you all the same."

"I know she does. O, blessed girl! She will make a heaven on earth for Harry."

"She is a good girl," replied the clergyman; "and you will allow me to declare that I hold her blessed in being loved by Harry Marshall."

In the excess of his gratitude the invalid clasped his hands; and he would have spoken, but words failed him. In a little while he pronounced Christopher's name again, asking Deane to bend his head.

"No one can overhear us," said the visitor.

"I would not have the walls hear me. Bend lower."

Allan Deane bent his head; but the planter did not speak. He gasped as though he were choking, and presently the crimson tide again burst forth.

Harry was quickly called in, and assistance was summoned from the servants' department. Everything was done that could be thought of, but the flow of blood could not be stopped.

By and by there was another arrival. A woman and a youth came hurrying into the room. The woman went to the bedside, while the youth stood apart.

"My husband—they tell me you are dying!"

Gilbert Marshall opened his eyes, and tried to speak, but he had not the power. He smiled upon her, and then turned his wandering gaze towards her companion.

"Christopher," spoke the woman, "your father seeks you."

The youth advanced to the bed, and took the hand which had been stretched forth for him; but he did not take it until it had fallen powerless upon the coverlet—he did not take it until the spirit which had directed it had passed from the tabernacle of earth.

Harry Marshall, when he knew that his father was dead, fell forward upon the foot of the bed, weeping bitterly. The wife sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. And while the aged minister was upon his knees in prayer, Christopher Marshall stood, with his head bowed, like one in a dream.

CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE.

Gilbert Marshall had moved into Missouri when a young man, bringing with him from the banks of the beautiful Hudson a loving and faithful wife—a wife who had loved him in childhood; who had cherished warmer affections in youth; and who freely left the friends of her old home to cheer and support her husband in this far-off region. But she did not live long to enjoy the fruit of her labors. She gave birth to one son, who was called Harry, in remembrance of a loved brother of hers, and after this she fell sick and died. A woman named Rachel Elkins came in to nurse Mrs. Marshall during her sickness; and after the lady's death this woman was hired to perform the duties of housekeeper. She was capable and strong, and she tried hard to please Gilbert Marshall—tried very hard; and she succeeded—succeeded so well that at the end of two years he offered her his hand. Whether he really loved her at that time we cannot say; but she had gained an influence over him; she had become, in fact, mistress of all his domestic arrangements; and he took the step which made her his wife. For a while it seemed as though the child of the first wife was to remain the only heir; but finally, at the end of three years from the date of their marriage, this second wife presented her husband with a son; and they called his name Christopher.

The remaining years of the life of Gilbert Marshall were not so happy as had been those already passed. His home was not a place of sunshine and joy. His was a heart made to be loved and trusted, and beneath the influence of this second wife he found not the satisfaction which his ardent soul craved. As his home lost its charms he sought more employment in the business of life, the result of which was that material wealth rolled in upon him. Still one source of pure joy had been left in Gilbert Marshall's life-cup. The child of his first wife—the bright-eyed Harry—was to him a blessing and a comfort. Not so, however, the child of the second wife. Christopher had never shown either respect or love for his father. He was headstrong and wayward, and seemed to care nothing for loving or being loved.

Gilbert Marshall, with a soul of honor and truth, had tried to love this wife and this child; and if he had not succeeded—if, in the later years, he had felt his affections towards them grow cold—it must be that the Power which reads the hearts of men had forgiven him.

Gilbert Marshall was dead. Allan Deane arose from his knees and addressed some words of comfort to the mourners, and then left the apartment. Harry wiped his eyes, and suggested that some of the oldest servants should be called in to take care of the body; and as his

step-mother gave her assent, he went out to call them.

Rachel Marshall and her son were left alone with the dead.

Rachel Marshall was a tall, large framed woman; with beauty of a cold, cheerless stamp; able to smile when she pleased; but generally wearing an aspect not at all joyous. There were some lines of silver in her dark hair, and her large eyes were sunken, leaving the cheek-bones prominent and the low brow over-arching.

Christopher Marshall did not look like his father, and we cannot say that he looked like his mother. He was twenty-two years of age; of medium height, with broad, square shoulders, and possessing a frame sinewy and compact. His head was small and round; his eyes black and piercing; his features rather heavy; and his skin dark and swarthy. His mother claimed that she had Spanish blood in her veins; and if such was the case, she had certainly given the Cordovan tint to her son.

"I suppose," said Christopher, after his brother had gone, "that Master Harry plans to take charge of the estate from this time."

"Very likely," replied Mrs. Marshall, without looking up.

"And I suppose he thinks we shall bow to him."

"I don't know how that may be."

"But we shall see how it will be."

"Give yourself no uneasiness, my son. Let those matters rest for the present. We will not speak of them here."

The wife had some little feeling of awe in presence of the dead, if her son had not.

By and by the servants came in; and, with many tears and lamentations, prepared the body of their late master for its final resting-place.

On the day of the funeral the people came in to Millbrook from far and near, and Allan Deane preached to them a noble sermon. Some liked it, and some did not. Harry Marshall was deeply moved, as were most of the servants. The widow bore herself well, though she kept her face hidden most of the time. Christopher tried to act the hypocrite; but he did not succeed so well but that a close observer could easily have discovered that his grief had no depth.

A few days subsequent to the funeral the attorney came to examine the papers of the deceased. There were no debts, and the business of the estate was all square and plain. The bonds and mortgages, and the certificates of stock, which had been left among Mr. Marshall's effects, were found regularly filed and labelled; and the debts due the estate were carefully set down. But the attorney did not find any will. Every drawer and pigeon-hole was searched, but the expected document did not appear. The attorney knew that he had made a will, and Allan Deane knew that he had witnessed it. But where was it?

"I think," said Mrs. Marshall, "that the will of which you speak made a very fair division of the property."

"As fair as could be," answered the attorney.

"And if no will appears, will not the law make a division of the property equally fair?" demanded the widow, with perfect composure.

"Perhaps so, madam," said the attorney; "but, at the same time, it may not be a division so near the designs and wishes of your husband."

"You need give yourself no uneasiness on that score, sir. I think my husband destroyed the will of which you speak. At all events, he told me that he should do so. If you wish to know what induced him to do so, I shall confess to you that I urged him to the step. I did not like the tenor of that will. It did not please me. I feared that the carrying out of its provisions would create enmity between the sons. So I asked Mr. Marshall to destroy it, and he promised me that he would. I think my husband was a man who generally intended to keep his word."

That evening the attorney met Harry Marshall and Mr. Deane in a private apartment, where there was no danger of being disturbed. This attorney was a Mr. James Nelson, who had transacted Gilbert Marshall's legal business for many years.

Mr. Nelson opened the subject by stating that he was confident there had been some under-handed work with respect to the will of Gilbert Marshall. He had made the will himself, and he knew that the testator meant to have it go as he had signed it.

Allan Deane was also sure that the will had been surreptitiously removed.

At length Harry Marshall spoke:

"You are right, gentlemen. My father never destroyed that will. Only an hour before he died he spoke to me concerning the provisions therein made, and hoped they would prove good and acceptable."

"Then of course your step-mother has destroyed it."

"Perhaps so."

"We must take steps to find out," suggested Nelson.

"No," replied Harry, shaking his head. "Let it go as it is. I will not be the means of bringing that woman into shame and trouble; and I prefer not to have any difficulty with my brother. If the will is not found, let the law take its course. A half of my father's property, after the widow's portion is deducted, is all sufficient for me. No, no, my dear sir, there must be no question for the courts in this. My father's wife must not be held up as an object for the finger of scorn. If my sainted father hears me as I now speak, I know he blesses me for the part I would act."

"Harry is right," said the old clergyman. "The matter had better not be pushed into the courts."

Mr. Nelson appreciated the sentiments of his young friend, and finally consented to leave the matter in his hands.

"I shall assume control of the estate for the present," said Harry, "and when Christopher demands a divison, it shall be made."

And thus the matter was left.

Mr. Nelson left for Bayville, where he resided, and Harry walked out with Mr. Deane upon the lower veranda. It was not yet nine o'clock, and the moon was shining brightly.

"Must you go so soon?" said Harry.

"Yes. I have writing to do before I retire. I must write to my boys to-night."

"I shall be lonesome after you are gone."

"Then why not ride down to the parsonage with me? Come—the air is clear, and the ride will do you good; and perhaps Nora will be able to cheer you up."

It needed no second request to induce Harry Marshall to accept the clergyman's invitation. He ordered his horse at once, and then went and told his stepmother that he was going out, and that he should not probably be at home until quite late. She nodded her head without speaking, and he very soon left her to herself.

The distance from the mansion of Millbrook to the Parsonage was three miles, the road lying close by the stream most of the way. After the two companions had cleared the park, they rode slowly, conversing upon the one all-absorbing topic of the day.

"I think," said Harry, as their horses came to a walk, "that Christopher more than sympathizes with the rebels. I have reason to fear that he would join them if he had a favorable opportunity. In fact, he would have joined them ere this, had it not been for the matter of this will, and the division of the property. He was offered a place upon Johnson's staff."

"I trust," returned Deane, "that he may occupy a position no worse than that."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Harry.

The old man hesitated; and it was not until his companion had spoken a second time that he made reply.

"My dear Harry," he at length said, "you are aware that a band of guerrillas is being organized in this section."

"I have thought so."

"I am very sure of it."

"And do you think that Christopher has anything to do with them?"

"Perhaps I ought not to say so; and yet I cannot divest myself of the fear that such may be the case."

"I trust that it may not prove so," said Harry, earnestly. "If he does sink to that level, I shall thank heaven that my father lived not to realize the disgrace!"

They rode on a little while in silence, and then the old man said, as though speaking with himself:

"I have four sons. They are strong, comely men, and I lean upon them as the staff of my declining years. They are as the apple of my eye, and their places are in the depths of my heart's best love. And yet I would rather see them at this moment dead before me—I would rather with my own hands dig their graves, and cover their cold forms up from the sight of man forevermore—than that one of them should turn traitor to his country! As God hears me, I speak the truth!"

The noble sentiment found an echo in Harry Marshall's soul; and again they rode on in silence.

They had accomplished half the distance they had to travel, and were approaching a piece of woods which extended down to the river's side, and through which their path lay, when Deane's horse stopped and snuffed the air, as though something had frightened him.

"Pooh!" cried the clergyman, patting the animal upon the back, "you need n't be afraid. There is nothing there to hurt you."

"I don't know about that," said Harry, as his horse also showed signs of fear. "There must be something; and we are both unarmed. I have not even a pistol with me."

The horses had now stopped, and Mr. Deane seemed inclined to treat the matter seriously.

"These are stirring times," he remarked, "and we have a right to expect danger. You know what we have been speaking of this evening."

"You have spoken my own thoughts," said the young man. "I wish we were armed."

Deane hurriedly glanced around, and a slight exclamation of satisfaction escaped him.

"See," he cried. "Your woodman has furnished excellent weapons for us. Let us select such as suit us."

Close by the road was a pile of oak wood, chopped to the proper length for burning in the great fire-place of the servants' apartment at Millbrook. The riders quickly alighted, and were not long in selecting their weapons. Harry found a round stick, about three feet in length, and heavy enough to balance well in his hand. Mr. Deane took one a very little longer, and somewhat heavier; after which they again sought their saddles. The horses, as though they understood that their masters were now prepared for danger, went on without further hesitation until they reached the edge of the wood, where they stopped once more.

This time, however, there was no question as t[illegible]ped them. Four men appeared [illegible] ahead of them, barring the [illegible]y. The moon shone full upon the [illegible], and our friends at once recognized their leader. He was a stout, powerful fellow, with sun-burnt hair and beard, unshorn and unshaven, named Tom Burder. He had been a boatman in his day; and it was pretty generally believed that he had been a thief and a highwayman.

"Hold on!" cried the ruffian, advancing a step, with a heavy pistol in his hand. "We've been lookin' for you chaps."

"What do you want with us?" asked Mr. Deane, calmly.

"We want to put ye out o' the way of doin' mischief. So down ye come off 'm them hosses."

"Wait one moment," said the old clergyman, tightening his rein. "What mischief can you accuse us of doing?"

The ruffians seemed to look upon their game as perfectly safe, so they made no hurry to seize it.

"Don't blarney, old prayer-maker," replied Burder, flourishing his pistol. "We know ye, from the top of yer old white head down to the bottom of yer skulkin' feet. You're a cantin' old hypocrite, an' yer an enemy to yer country. An' Master Harry Marshall keeps ye company. We want the pair of ye."

"Will you tell us what you mean to do with us?"

"We'll put ye whar they put other prisoners jest like ye. Now, p'raps ye begin to understand. We're *Butternuts*. D'ye know what that means? We're true to the Confederacy. D'ye begin to smell the 'coon? Now come down out o' that."

Thus speaking the rascal started forward and seized the clergyman's horse by the bridle, and at the same moment another of the gang advanced upon Harry. In all probability they had not noticed the arms which the travellers carried; but they were destined soon to discover their quality. As quick as thought, and with wondrous power, Allan Deane swung his heavy club in the air, and when it came down, Tom Burder sank to the earth as though a thunder-bolt had struck him. And Harry was not behind him in the effectiveness of his motions. The young man had been curbing his indignation, and when he got ready to strike, there was power enough in his arm to have felled a dozen men. One man, however, went down beneath his blow. The two remaining ruffians drew their pistols and fired, and Mr. Deane's horse received a shot in the breast, which caused him to rear and whirl, and as quickly as possible the rider dismounted, when the animal plunged away into the wood.

When Harry saw his friend upon the ground, he leaped from his own saddle, and hastened to his side.

"You are hurt?"

"Not in the least, Harry. But—look out!"

As these words dropped from the old clergyman's lips he raised his club, and sprang upon the villain nearest to him, who was just in the act of cocking another pistol. No longer the mild and gentle messenger of peace, but the minister of justice and retribution! And terrible was that white-haired old man in his wrath. The ruffian fired his second pistol, but he did not hit his mark; and in another moment, before he could dodge it, the club came down, striking his right arm above the elbow, and breaking it as though it had been a pipe-stem.

These clubs, in the hands of such men, were most effective weapons, as the butternuts very quickly discovered. Harry had felled his second man by a blow upon the head, and the rascal with the broken arm sank upon his knees and begged for mercy. Deane told him that he ought to be killed, "but," he added, "it may be more of a punishment to allow you to live. I don't think your companions are dead; and when they come to they must take care of that arm of yours."

After this our two friends deprived the conquered rebels of all their offensive weapons; and then consulted as to the course they should further pursue. They might take the rascals prisoners, but what should they do with them.

"There is a company of Union soldiers at Bayville," said Harry, "and in the morning I will ride over there and bring some of them up this way. We'll bring up the whole company, if necessary, and nip this rebel organization in the bud."

This seemed a reasonable plan, and Deane agreed to it. It was better so, he thought, than to make a prison of his house. And, furthermore, they knew not what opposition they might meet if they cumbered themselves, in that place, with such prisoners.

The clergyman's horse was gone—probably towards his home,—so Harry made the old man mount his horse, while he moved along on foot.

CHAPTER III.

NOTES OF ALARM.

The dwelling of Allan Deane was a small, one-story house, unpainted, with a long open shed extending from the left wing, and a moderate-sized barn and stable further on in the same direction, disconnected from other buildings. The road from Millbrook crossed the stream close by the house, by a simple bridge of logs, and then made a broad sweep to avoid an abrupt hill which extended to the water's edge. East of this hill stood the minister's habitation, with the stream in the rear, and the road upon its right. The main body of the house had four rooms below—two front rooms with the entry between them, and a large kitchen and a small bed-room in the rear. Besides these there was a sort of buttery in the left rear corner, from which a flight of narrow stairs led up into the unfinished attic.

There was no other dwelling within half a mile of the parsonage. Between the bluff and the river there were some twenty or thirty acres of rich bottom land, which afforded Mr. Deane all the farm he wanted. It was a delightful nook, shut in by hills and rocks and forest; and as the territory circumjacent was not suitable for cultivation, no neighbor had settled near him.

In the room which overlooked the road sat two females—Mrs. Deane and her daughter. Mrs. Deane was a mild-eyed woman, past three-score, whose genial disposition and even temper had preserved much of the beauty and freshness of other years.

The daughter was twenty years of age; of medium height; possessing a full, healthy development of body; and blessed with all the gentleness and grace of her mother. Added to this, however, were some qualities which her mother did not possess—qualities which she inherited from her father. She had more courage than her mother, and could endure more fatigue; she loved the wild scenery of the forests better, and listened to the rolling thunder, when the storm-spirit shook the hills, as she would have listened to grandest music. Her mother did not like to wander in the woods; and the flash of the lightning startled her, and the pealing of the thunder made her quake. Brown hair had the daughter, soft and wavy; a full, open brow; dark hazel eyes; there were dimples in her cheeks and chin; and her teeth were like pearls in their perfection of hue and regularity.

Was Nora Deane ha[illegible]? Most people said, yes. Young ladies who had visited at Millbrook, had declared that she was plain, and had wondered what Harry Marshall could see in her face so engaging. They said there was too much color in her face; and that the hair grew too low upon her forehead; and that she laughed too much. But there were other critics than these. There were people who thought Nora beautiful; and over the river, among the poor people to whom her father ministered, there were those who said she was an angel. One thing, however, even the young marriageable females who visited at Millbrook did not undertake to dispute: Nora Deane was good and true, and her heart was as pure and trustworthy as earthly heart can be.

"What is the hour, Nora?" asked Mrs. Deane.

They had not yet lighted a lamp. They had been conversing about the absent loved ones, and had preferred to enjoy the bright moonlight. Nora arose and went to the mantel, where the clock stood; and when she returned she said it was half-past nine.

"Your father ought to be here by this time. I hope he will come soon."

"I think he will, mother. But I trust you are not afraid of any trouble."

"No, Nora,—I am not afraid; and yet there is room for trouble."

"You are thinking of the men you saw in the woods this afternoon."

"I have thought of them, my child; and I cannot help it. I know they were watching our house. They looked evil."

"But, mother, do you suppose any one would wish to injure us?"

Mrs. Deane hesitated; and her daughter repeated the question. At length the mother answered, with considerable energy:

"Yes, Nora, I believe there are many who would injure us if they could. There are many rebels about us, who hate your father, and who would not hesitate to raise their hands against him. Allan Deane is known to be one of the most uncompromising Union men of this section. He has sent four sons into the Federal army, and does not hesitate to raise his voice against the enemies of his country whenever he has opportunity."

"And would you have it otherwise?" asked Nora, in a low, earnest tone.

"No," replied Mrs. Deane, quickly and emphatically. "God knows I would not. I am proud of the noble position my husband occupies in this hour of national peril; and I glory in the devotion which led my brave sons to the field. Still I cannot put away the fears which come upon me. I know that we are surrounded by enemies."

"And so," remarked Nora, "we have friends at hand. The Union troops at Bayville will keep these bushwhackers quiet."

"They will while they remain there. But I was informed this morning, by the postman, that those troops were liable to move at any moment."

"Here comes father!" cried Nora, starting up as she spoke.

She had heard the tramp of a horse upon the bridge; and when she had spoken she hurried away to light the lantern. She had procured the lantern, and returned to the sitting-room, when an exclamation of alarm broke from the lips of Mrs. Deane.

"Mercy! Allan is not here?"

Nora sprang to the window, and saw a riderless horse staggering into the yard. Her mother would have sunk down powerless, but not so Nora. She hastened out, and reached the horse just as he fell upon the greensward by the door-step. It was her father's horse, powerless and dying, with blood all over his breast and shoulders. She saw this and for a few moments she stood like one paralyzed. She spoke to the horse, and asked where her father was, as though the poor brute could answer her. At length she returned to the sitting-room, and the sight of her mother's agony called upon her to be strong. She stood there some seconds, with the lantern in her hand, and when she spoke she had planned just what she would do.

"Mother," she said, "let us hope for the best. There may have been some accident. We will go out upon the road and search."

"But how is the horse hurt?" asked Mrs. Deane.

Nora had not looked to see; but she went out now, and found that the poor animal had a wound in the breast. It might have been occasioned by falling upon a stone.

"And," added the frightened wife, "he may have been shot! O, Allan! Allan!"

"Dear mother, let us not forget our duty in our fears. If my father is hurt, we must go and find him. Come, we ought to make haste."

"O, Nora, this is dreadful! If they have shot him!—If they have killed him!"

"Hush, hush, mother. Let us hope for better things. Let us go and find him."

Mary Deane cared for her husband; she loved him as much as it was possible for woman to love; and she would have died for him in the hour of trial; but her body was weak under the influence of unseen terrors. She had pictured to herself a band of bloody assassins, and she shrank from meeting them—shrank from such an ordeal more timidly than she would have shrunk from death.

Nora kissed her mother, and then went into the other room—went to her father's desk, and opened one of the drawers. There were two pistols in there—two heavy revolvers, with six chambers each. They were weapons which her brothers had left, and which her father had kept loaded. She took one of them, and concealed it beneath the folds of her dress, and then re-joined her mother.

"Come, mother. We shall not need the lantern; the moon gives light enough."

Mrs. Deane rose to her feet, and pressed her hands upon her brow.

"Dear mother, do not go if you do not feel able. I can go alone."

Two thoughts at that moment startled Mary Deane from her weakness: She could not remain in the house alone, with the dead horse at the door; and she could not see her daughter go away upon such an errand unattended.

"I will go with you, Nora. I am stronger now. Let us make haste."

They went out together, and walked rapidly towards the bridge; and just as they reached it they heard steps not far distant in advance.

"Let us stand aside, and see who comes," said Nora. "It may be a friend—it may be my father.—Hark!—I hear voices. O, it is my father; and Harry is with him!"

Thus speaking she bounded forward, and presently met her father upon horseback, with Harry walking by his side.

"Father!—Harry!" she cried, "what has happened?"

Harry Marshall caught her by the hand, and gave her words of cheer. He assured her that they were safe and unharmed.

In the meantime Allan Deane had sprung from his saddle to embrace his wife; and when she clung to him, and asked him what had happened, he told her that they had met with an accident. She knew by his manner that the affair had been a serious one, and that the danger was not passed. He could not conceal his emotions from her perception. She had known him too long, and had learned too well to read the expressions of his frank nature.

When they reached the house, and the old man saw his faithful horse dead by the door, he knew that it would be useless to attempt further concealment; so, when they were seated, he told the whole story, making it appear as light as possible. The poor wife was sadly alarmed, and talked of moving away from the place.

Harry and Nora had taken seats by a window, where they remained in silence while Mr. Deane was telling his story.

"You are frightened, dearest," whispered Harry, holding Nora by the hand, and gazing down into her moonlit face.

She trembled, but made no reply.

"Speak, Nora,—what is it? Does this little thing trouble you so much?"

"Let us walk out," said the maiden. "Let us speak where no one can hear us."

Harry arose, and together they went into the yard, and walked under the branches of the maple trees.

"Now, dear Nora, you can tell me what moves you so. I know you have something upon your mind."

"Harry," she replied, looking up into his face as she spoke, "I have something to tell you. The adventure of this evening is not all that weighs heavily upon me." She trembled, and clung to him as though she feared that even then he might be snatched away from her.

Harry whispered to her and asked her to tell him what else had transpired to give her cause of alarm.

"Dear Harry, there are many traitors in this section of country."

"There are some," he said.

"Aye," she added, warmly, "there are many of them. All the thieves and robbers, and villains of every grade, are joining the rebel ranks for purposes of rapine and plunder."

"I cannot deny it, love."

"And men in authority will countenance and sustain these wretches in their course of crime."

"I fear you are right."

"And," pursued Nora, drawing more closely to her lover's side, "all who remain true and loyal to the government of the country will be marked as victims by the merciless desperadoes."

"But," said Harry, "you must remember that we have a company of Union troops close at hand. The presence of this armed force, I suspect, will be sufficient to keep the villains in check."

"Ah," returned Nora, shaking her head, "the power of evil is growing. The postman stopped at our door this morning, and his account of affairs was very dark. But Harry, this is not all. This is not the chief thing. Can you tell me where your brother Christopher stands?"

"Why do you ask that?" He spoke as though the question had startled him.

"I have a reason for asking it, Harry. Tell me,—is not Christopher in sympathy with the rebels?"

"I think he is."

"And his mother, too?"

"Yes,—I fear so."

"Did you know, Harry, that Christopher was your enemy?"

"How!"

"He is your enemy."

"Nora!"

"I speak truly. While Christopher was powerless I kept my own counsel; but he may be powerless no longer."

"Nora," cried the young man, stopping and gazing eagerly into her face, "what mean you? Tell me—tell me," he continued, trembling as the thought flashed upon him, "has Christopher again dared to trouble you?"

"O, Harry, I would have kept it from you had I dared; but it would be unjust to you for me to do so longer. Christopher has troubled me. On the very day after the death of your father he met me by the bridge, and asked me if I did not think it would be for my interest to marry with him instead of with his elder brother. I asked him to leave me; but he only laughed at me. He told me I should be sorry if I did not listen to him. He said that in less than one month Harry Marshall would be an outcast from the land of his birth and all his property confiscated."

"Did Christopher say that?" asked Harry, in a voice hushed by the deep emotions of the moment.

"He did; and he said more. He said that if I did not give him a favorable answer of my own accord, I should give him one from force. He wanted me to understand that, though Harry Marshall was the elder brother, he was not to be the man in power at Millbrook. And then, when I still begged him to leave me, he hinted that he already had the power to be master of this whole section."

Harry Marshall was deeply moved by this. He knew that Christopher had tried to rob him of Nora's love; but until now he had never given himself any particular uneasiness on account thereof. Now, however, the matter assumed a serious aspect. He knew that his half-brother was a reckless, unprincipled fellow; and he knew that Nora's beauty had charmed his sensual eye. If he had the will to seize the maiden by force, and was likely to be backed by the disunion, rebel element of the neighborhood, the result was certainly one of danger.

"Dear Nora," said Harry, after he had reflected awhile, "I must think of this matter. I will see Christopher, and speak with him plainly. If there is real danger, be sure that I will take steps to guard against it. I am glad that you have told me this; and I can only wish that you had told me before."

"I would have done so, Harry; but in the season of your mourning I would not intrude——"

"I understand, dearest; and I appreciate your consideration. And now, for the present, banish the fear from your mind, and let us return to your parents."

They had just reached the house, and were making excuses for their absence, when a horse came galloping to the door from the northward; and in a few moments more the rider came hurrying into the room.

The new-comer was a middle-aged man, tall and powerful, with sandy hair, and bright gray eyes, and habited in a garb of tanned deer-skin. His frame seemed to be a mass of bone and sinew, and the heavy rifle which he carried in his hand was wielded as though it had been a pine stick. His name was Mark Winter, and he was one of the most successful trappers of the country.

"Mark!" cried the old clergyman, starting to his feet, "is this you?"

"Yes, Allan Deane," replied the trapper, in hurried tones, "it's this werry person; an he's on an errand o' marcy, too. The bushwhackers are out, an' Allan Deane's their game. They'll be here this werry night!"

The old man made a motion for his wife to remain quiet, and then turned to his visitor.

"Mark, do you know of what you speak?"

"Sartin, sir. There be two gangs of 'em. One gang, under Tom Burder, has gone towards Millbrook; and the other, with Goold Norton, is coming this way. I've rid fast, an' they'll be here soon."

"How many come with Norton?"

"Five or six."

"Which way are you going, Mark?"

"Whichever way you go."

"Suppose I should remain here?"

"Then Mark Winter stays here with ye."

"What say you, Harry?"

"Better here than elsewhere."

"But, parson, have ye got the shooters?"

"I have the rifles which my sons left."

"God bless 'em! They're noble boys—them four be, and their rifles was good ones. They'll answer. By the immortal Moses, parson, ef you'll show fight right up to the handle, we'll give them willains pepper."

"I shall endeavor to be an instrument for my own and my family's salvation," returned Allan Deane, solemnly. And thus speaking he went to bring the arms and ammunition which his sons had left in his keeping.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ARMIES IN EARLY TIMES.

In 1682, Kara Mustaphe commenced his fatal enterprise against Vienna. A revolt of the Hungarians, under Count Tekeli, against Austria, which had been caused by the bigoted tyranny of the Emperor Leopold, now laid the heart of that empire open to attack; and a force was collected by the Grand Vizier, which, if ably handled, might have given the house of Hapsburg its death blow. Throughout the autumn of 1682, and the spring of 1683, regular and irregular troops, both foot, horse, artillery, and all kinds of munitions of war, were collected in the camp at Adrianople, on a scale of grandeur that attested and almost exhausted the copiousness which the administration of Kiuprili had given the Turkish resources. The strength of the regular force which Kara Mustaphe led to Vienna is known from the muster roll which was found in his tent after the siege; it amounted to 175,000 men. Perhaps not less than half a million of men were set in motion in this last effort of the Ottomans.

IS THE SUN INHABITED?

Sir David Brewster makes the following remarks relative to the sun: "So strong has been the belief that the sun cannot be a habitable world, that a scientific gentleman was pronounced by his medical attendant insane, because he had sent a paper to the Royal Society, in which he maintained that the light of the sun proceeded from a dense and universal aura, which may afford ample light to the inhabitants beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to be among them; that there may be water and dry land there, hills and dales, rain and fair weather, and that as the light and the seasons must be eternal, the sun may easily be conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system. In less than ten years after this apparently extravagant notion was considered as a proof of insanity, it was maintained by Sir William Herschel as a rational and probable opinion, which might be deducible from his own observations on the structure of the sun.

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.

How is it that some men thought to be so old, still look so young, while others thought young must still look old? The cause lies very frequently in themselves. Mr. Rant, once, on being asked the reason, said: "I never ride when I can walk; I never eat but one dish at dinner; I never get drunk. My walking keeps my blood in circulation; my simple diet prevents indigestion; and never touching ardent spirits, my liver never fears being eaten up alive." But he forgot to add one of the greatest causes of lasting youth, "a kind, unenvious heart." Envy can dig as deeply in the human face as time itself.

THE SUNBEAM.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Sunbeam, with such tender grace
Beaming on this loveless place,
Where nor lily nor sweet rose
To the breath of summer blows,
But the horrid mandrakes gloom,
Growing for the murderer's tomb—
Sunbeams from thy sacred sphere,
Why sparkle here?

II.

Well I know thou lov'st to be
On the sweetly answering lea,
Answering with the fragrant flower,
Answering with the full-blown bower,
Answering with the green tree stirr'd
By the white wing of the bird:
Angel from such sacred sphere,
Why sparkle here?

III.

"I have joy in sparkling here:
From this marsh so dark and drear
Fragrant beauty yet I'll bring—
Lily, rose, bower, tree and wing!"
Sunbeam, thou a teacher art:
Now I know the vilest heart
May the ray of Virtue own
At the last, and be a zone
Of light and purity alone.
Sunbeam, sparkle still!

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

A SKETCH OF THE DRAFT.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Mrs. Deering was sitting in her nursery, one morning, when her servant came hurriedly in.

"What is it, Honor?" Mrs. Deering asked, seeing perplexity on the girl's face.

"There's a man at the door, ma'am, asking about Mr. Deering. I came to tell you, as you said I should."

Mrs. Deering turned pale, then scarlet. But she had a good deal of self-control, and answered quietly:

"Go down and say that you know nothing about the matter—your master's name, or anything else. If he will not go away then, come and tell me, and I will see him."

The girl went, and presently returned.

"He's axing to see the lady of the house, ma'am," she said, sullenly.

"Go down the back stairs to the kitchen," her mistress said, and as soon as the girl had obeyed she betook herself to the front hall, where the man was waiting—a plainly-dressed, civil-speaking man, with a large book in one hand, and a little portable inkstand and pen in the other.

"You asked for me," said Mrs. Deering, with that air of freezing hauteur that some women know so well how to assume.

"I asked for the mistress of the house. Will you tell me the name of the present occupant?"

"Why do you wish to know?"

"I am the enrolling officer of this district, and it is my duty to make certain inquiries——"

"None of which will be answered here, sir," said Mrs. Deering, promptly.

The man looked at her with a sharp, inquiring glance.

"I have received similar answers in one or two instances from ignorant women, but you are the first *intelligent* person who has so spoken to me," said he.

"I shall not be the last, I presume. But that [illegible] will do nothing toward the infamous end of seeing my husband dragged from his home, and made food for powder. You have your answer, sir."

"Will you not think better of it? The chances are small, in any case, that your husband will be drafted, and even if he should be, your sacrifice would not be heavier than that of thousands of others. Besides, I shall be sure to obtain the information I require elsewhere."

"You have your answer, sir," Mrs. Deering repeated, coldly. And the man took up his book and departed.

"The enrolling officer was at our house this morning," said Mrs. Deering's friend, Mrs. Ackley, as the two ladies sat together that afternoon. "Has he been here yet?"

"Yes; he was here this morning, also. But he went away no wiser than he came. If the Government wishes to steal my husband from me, the theft shall not be helped on by me."

"'The theft!' Pardon me for repeating your words, but allow me to ask to whom does your husband belong? To whom does every American citizen belong?"

"My husband to me, of course, and to his family. Other men to their wives and children. If the Government has a right to compel men into the ranks of the army at all, which I doubt, its right surely ought not and can not extend to any but single men without ties and obligations to those weaker and more dependent."

"There I think you are wrong, Mrs. Deering. A man cannot divorce the privileges of citizenship from its obligations. He belongs to his country, as well as to his family. There are times when his obligations to the first are paramount, and this I reckon one of them."

"And you are willing your husband should go into the army? You gave his name and age to be placed upon the drafting rolls?"

"I answered the officer's questions, truly, as it was my duty to do. If Mr. Ackley is drafted, I will not make the trial harder for him than it must be. But 'willing!' Why, my heart gives a great throb every time I think of it, and there is a lump in my throat I can scarcely swallow. I have dreamed several times lately of clinging to him and begging him not to go to the war, and wakened to find myself bathed in tears, and trembling with anguish. But, if he should be obliged to go, I will try to be brave, and to show that I, too, can make sacrifices for my country."

"Well, you will do as you choose, of course, Mrs. Ackley; but for my part, I have no genius for martyrdom. I hope Mr. Deering would be found exempt, but if not, I shall urge him, in case he is drafted, to pay the substitute money, hard as that will be for us when his salary barely suffices to meet our necessary expenses, from year to year. But he will not, shall not go."

These remarks terminated the conversation, which Mrs. Ackley was not anxious to carry on in the spirit in which it had begun. Her anxiety was very deep, but she cared not to speak more of it to one who viewed its cause so differently.

In the meantime the enrolling officer had no difficulty in obtaining the required information in regard to Mr. Deering. Half a dozen families in the neighborhood had attended a little gathering which celebrated his last birthday, knew that it was his thirtieth, and had already settled it, in their discussions of the draft, that he came within the first class. There had, therefore, been no special gain in Mrs. Deering's refusal to answer the official questions.

It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say that Mr. Deering's views were similar to hers. The only feeling he had about the draft was one of defiant anger. In the circle of his own convives he was wont to talk loudly about "tyranny" and "despotism," and most magnificent was the sneer with which he linked together the words "free-born American citizen" and "conscript."

If he had been a bachelor the first rumor of the intended conscription would have sent him into the British dominions, or beyond the sea. But a man who has entwined himself in the bonds of family and domestic ties cannot flit so easily, nor are his movements likely to pass unnoticed. And beside this difficulty, there was another quite as important. He was a bookkeeper on a large salary; but he was a fast liver, a man who aped his wealthy neighbors, and liked self-indulgence without regard to its cost. His wife was a helpmeet in this direction. The consequence was that he had lived to the full extent of his income, and had even exceeded it. He had scarcely an intimate who was not his creditor in a greater or lesser sum.

It was equally difficult, therefore, for him to raise money for travelling, or for an exemption fee. He understood better than his wife how little likely it was that he could escape, in case he should be drafted.

As the time approached for the draft, few of those who knew themselves liable to be drawn escaped a feeling of anxiety, more or less intense. Mr. Ackley was not easy in his mind, though prepared to yield uncomplaining obedience to a call which he acknowledged was necessary. As a good citizen he could do no otherwise, for though his circumstances were such that he did not think it right to volunteer, that fact did not, in his estimation, lessen his obligations. He said, and felt, that it was but just that he should share the fate of others situated like himself. He had no infirmity that would render him exempt, nor could he, without difficulty, pay the exemption-fee, for, on a salary considerably less than that of his neighbor, Mr. Deering, he supported a family larger by one, and protracted illness among his children had exhausted the little fund gradually laid aside for emergencies.

But he, and his devoted and patriotic wife, waited patiently for the result which was to bring them so much pain, or such unmingled joy. In the meantime, Mr. Deering's mental condition was a sort of helpless, brute anger, like that of an animal in its cage, acknowledging the power that subdues it, yet increasing in its rebellion.

The day fixed for the draft arrived. In the town where the Deerings and Ackleys lived there was no resistance. The loyal spirit of the people had before been thoroughly tested, and they had given largely, both in men and money and its equivalents. Emphatically good citizens, the large majority acquiesced in the conscription as a reasonable requirement of the time, and they were sufficient to overawe the turbulent spirit of the few disaffected.

Mr. Deering had hinted at resistance; but his remarks were looked upon as mere bluster and bravado. For, spite of his social talents, and unusually prepossessing manners, he was a man who exerted very little influence over the minds of others—the usual penalty of untrustworthiness in a man's personal relations and daily life.

On the morning that was to witness the commencement of the draft, both Mr. Deering and his wife found their angry excitement concentrated almost to fury. The consequence was that neither was in a mood for the usual amenities of life, and the breakfast-table was a scene of discord and biting recrimination. Mr. Deering finally pushed back his chair, swore a great oath at wife and children, whom he declared the pests of his life, and went out slamming the door after him, and with a heavy frown on his face. Mrs. Deering's rage fell upon the children. She ordered silence, and compelled it by words and blows, and as soon as the room was cleared, gave way to a fit of hysterical weeping that ended in a severe headache, which was maddened into intensity by the skirmishing and hallooing of the turbulent children.

Mr. and Mrs. Ackley were pale and silent, made a pretence only of eating breakfast, spoke tenderly to their children, and parted with rather more than usual demonstration of affection. But each was sustained by the quiet bravery of the other.

Mr. Ackley went at once to his place of business, and engaged in his usual avocations. But Mr. Deering had provided a substitute for the day, and he proceeded to the place where the draft was to be made, determined, as he said, to see fair play.

About noon, as Mr. Ackley was busy attending upon a customer, he saw a man enter the store, and, after making some inquiry, approach the place where he stood. He believed he knew his errand, but by a great effort he controlled his emotion so that the lady he was waiting upon did not observe that he was not as much interested in matching her silk as she was herself. He turned perhaps a little paler, but manifested no surprise, when told that his name had just been drawn. He answered, simply, "Very well," and the messenger went away wondering, while the lady made some remarks which probably were sympathetic, but which fell perfectly meaningless upon Mr. Ackley's ear, as he mechanically folded and unfolded before her the fabrics that littered the counter.

At one o'clock he entered his own gate, and his hand trembled a little as he tried to thrust his latch-key into the door. Otherwise he was outwardly calm, though too self-absorbed to observe the expression of his wife's face as she came down the stairs to meet him.

"I fear I have very bad news for you," he said, drawing her into the vacant parlor.

But simultaneously she exclaimed:

"Oh, John, I have excellent news for you!"

They looked at each other, and then, in their great nervous excitement, both laughed, but Mrs. Ackley's laughed ended in tears.

"I'm drafted!" Mr. Ackley exclaimed, between his shouts; and then his wife, unable to speak, thrust a letter into his hand. It was from her father, and as Mr. Ackley opened it a folded paper fell to the floor.

"I've been thinking about it, John," the kind old man wrote, "and if you should be drafted I don't see the way clear for you to go. Celia wrote to her mother, awhile ago, about the children being sick, and that you had been obliged to use all the money you had saved toward buying you a home; so, as I know you can but just live on your salary, I expect you will not be able to pay the exemption fee. Now, if I was as well off as I was when you married Celia, I should say go, if you are drafted, and let Celia and the little ones come home to us. But you know what my losses have been, and now, in my old age, I have scarcely enough to keep mother and me and poor little Hetty, who will always be helpless. Still it's my duty to help in this war, all I can. So mother and I concluded to draw three hundred dollars from the bank, and send it to you to pay a substitute, or to the government. We only get six per cent. interest on it, and perhaps, if you don't go, you could contrive to send us the eighteen dollars every year, without much trouble. If not, we could get along somehow without it. But the money would be Celia's when we are gone, at any rate, and you need not feel called on to repay it.

"Your wife and children need your care, John, and I feel as if your duty is to stay with them if you can. You know I would not withhold you, nor my own son, even, from going to the defence of his country, and the great principles of liberty, if it could be done without leaving a helpless woman and children to suffer. But as it is, I believe you ought not to go, and I hope this money will relieve you of the necessity."

All this and much more that the kind old man had written, Mr. Ackley read, in a sort of dream. It had become a habit of his mind, in the past days of anxiety, to believe that he should be drafted and be obliged to leave his family. He had seen no way to avoid the duty, and he had been striving to settle upon some plan for their maintenance, but in vain. Now the way was suddenly made clear to him, just as the unhappy certainty had come upon him, and he saw that the conflicting duties could be reconciled. He picked up the check and read it mechanically; then he closed his eyes and endeavored to realize his situation; but that was vain. But when he looked at his wife, and saw the hope, and relief, and thankfulness there was in the new and altered expression of her face, he began to *feel* once more. The paralysis of fear and doubt was gone, and he clasped her to his heart as a recovered treasure, that was not to be again rent from him.

"I am glad I am to stay," he said, at last, "but I would go if it were not for you and the babies;" and he sighed, as one throwing off a weight.

Thus simply do great emotions and mental conflicts often find expression.

It was late in the afternoon, but Mr. Deering chafing like a caged tiger, still lingered in the apartment where the draft was going on. There was a horrid fascination in the slow turning of the wheel, in the lingering instant between the drawing of the name and its announcement, from which he could not tear himself away. As name after name was read of strangers, he felt a horrible glee, first at the thought of their discomfiture, second at that of his own escape. He slowly settled down, at last, to the belief that *he* should not be among those drawn, but still he lingered, unable to withdraw.

Suddenly, as he turned in his walk at the further extremity of the room, a sound pierced his ear like the trump of doom—his own name, a name so uncommon as not to be mistaken for that of any other person—Willson D. V. Deering!

One instant he stood transfixed. "Deering," "Deering," men were repeating all around him, and eyes began to turn toward him.

With one bound he sprang towards the clerk, calling on him to read the name again.

"Willson D. V. Deering."

"Ah! good God—that's me!" he exclaimed, lifting his arms and clenched hands high above his head. A frightful outburst of imprecations followed, his face purpled with the surging blood, his form swayed, and he fell forward heavily upon the floor, in violent convulsions.

They raised him up and carried him home. By that time he had recovered consciousness, but was laid upon his bed in all the feebleness and exhaustion which follows a long struggle with nervous excitement. His wife, scarcely less prostrated than himself, and now more unreasonable in her anguish than he, lay in another room, between which and his own physicians and friends vibrated all the night.

Contrary to expectation Deering recovered. In a little time he was pronounced well, and there seemed no escape for him. Friends of his were among the drafted men, and they gathered round him, striving, by their own cheerful willingness to accept the duty, to rally his courage, but in vain. He had no help at home, where an angry, disappointed, selfish wife bewailed her fate, and prophecied the almshouse. He had no help in any firmness of principle, nor sentiment of patriotism. To be protected by his government was extremely desirable, to fight for it quite the contrary, in his estimation. I believe he would have maimed himself, or committed suicide, had he not been too cowardly. But there was no escape for him, and he went into camp with his regiment, and finally to the seat of war.

I do not know what has become of him, but he has not been killed, neither has he distinguished himself. It was not to be expected that he would, unless greatly changed. But reverses have proved beneficial to his wife. The necessity of doing something to keep the wolf from [illegible] could not, albeit a [illegible] her. A mother, she [illegible] children crying for food, and not exert herself. She filled her prettily furnished house with boarders, and the selfishness we have before alluded to, making her a shrewd manager, she succeeded admirably in her new vocation. As her fears were principally for herself and children, before the draft, I conclude that she is quite indifferent about the return of Deering.

THE MISER'S BEQUEST.

BY AM RANDOLPH.

The hour-hand of Philip Acre's old-fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure eight—the snug red curtain shut out the rain and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and crackled behind the red-hot bars of the little grate in a most cosy and comfortable sort of way, casting a rosy shine into the thoughtful brown eyes that were tracing castles and coronets in the burning coals.

For Philip Acre was, for once, indulging himself in the dangerous fascinations of a day-dream.

"If I were only rich!" he pondered to himself. "Ah, *if!* Then good-bye to all these musty old law-books; good-bye to mended boots and thrice-turned coats, and all the ways and means that turn a man's life into wretched bondage! Wouldn't I revel in new books and delicious paintings and high-stepping horses? Wouldn't I buy a set of jewels for Edith—not pale pearls or sickly emeralds, but diamonds, to blaze like links of fire upon her royal throat! Would I—what nonsense I'm talking, though!" he cried, suddenly rousing himself. "Phil. Acre, hold your confounded tongue! I did suppose you were a fellow of more sense! Here you are, neither rich nor distinguished, but a simple law student, while Edith Wyllis is as far above your moonstruck aspirations as the Queen of Night herself! She loves me, though—she will wait—and the time may one day come! If only Dr. Wyllis were not so distrustful of a fellow! However, I must learn to prove myself worthy of the sweetest prize that ever—Hallo! come in there, whoever you are!"

It was only the serving maid of the establishment carrying a letter in the corner of her apron, between her finger and thumb.

"Please, sir, the postman just left it,—two cents to pay!"

"Here are your two coppers, then, Katy—a pretty fair equivalent for any letter *I* may receive. Now, then," he added, as the door closed behind Katy's substantial back, "let's see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal, eh? Not having any relations to lose, I am not alarmed at the prognostic!"

He broke the seal, and glanced leisurely over the short, business-like communication contained within, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness!

"Am I dreaming?" he murmured to himself, rubbing his eyes and shaking himself as if to insure complete possession of his senses. "No, I'm wide awake and in my right mind; it is no delusion—no part of my waking visions! But who would ever suppose that old Theron Mortimer, whom I haven't seen since I was a boy of sixteen, and picked him out of the river half dead between cramp and fright, would die and leave me all his money! Why, I'm not even the shadow of a relation; but, then, I never heard that the old man had any kith or kin, so I can't imagine any harm in taking advantage of his odd freak! Rich—am I really to be rich? Is my Aladdin vision to be an actual fact! Oh, Edith! Edith!"

He clasped both hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that the lovely, far-off star of his adoration would be brought near to him at last by the magnet Gold. All those years of patient waiting were to be bridged over by the strange old miser's bequest; he might claim Edith now!

How full of heart-sunshine were the weeks that flitted over the head of the accepted lover—brightened by Edith's smile—made beautiful by the soft radiance of Edith's love! There was only one alloying shadow—the almost imperceptible touch of distrust and suspicion with which stern old Dr. Wyllis regarded his future son-in-law! Ah! he feared to trust his only child to the keeping of any man who had not been proved in the fiery furnace of trial!

It was precisely a week before the day appointed for the wedding, and the soft lights veiled by shades of ground glass were just lighted in Dr. Wyllis's drawing-room, where Edith sat among her white roses and heliotrope, working on a bit of cambric ruffling, and singing to herself. She was a slender, beautiful girl, with violet gray eyes, a blue-veined forehead, and glossy abundant curls of that pale gold that old painters love to portray.

"I wonder if Mortimer Place is so very lovely," she said to a silver-haired lady who sat opposite. "Philip is going to take me there, when we return from our wedding tour, aunty; he says it is the sweetest place a poet's fancy could devise, with fountains and shrubberries and green delicious copses! Oh! shall we not be happy there?"

She started up, with a bright, sudden blush, for, even while the words were trembling on her lip, Philip Acre came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withal. Mrs. Wyllis, with an arch nod at her niece, disappeared into the perfumed perspective of the conservatory, leaving the lovers to themselves.

"You are looking grave, Philip," said Edith, as he bent over and kissed her cheek.

"And I am feeling so, darling. I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to-night—our marriage must be postponed, indefinitely."

"Philip! for what reason?"

"To enable me by diligent labor at my profession to realize sufficient means to support you, dearest, in a manner satisfactory to your father's expectations and my own wishes."

"But, Philip, I thought——"

"You thought me the heir of Theron Mortimer's wealth? So I was, Edith, a few hours since, but I have relinquished all claim to it now. When I accepted the bequest, I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learned to-day that a distant cousin—a woman—is alive, although, my lawyer tells me, in ignorance of her relationship to Theron Mortimer. Of course I shall transfer the property to her immediately."

"But, Philip, the will has made it legally yours?"

"Legally, it has; but, Edith, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak, at this woman's expense? I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again, could I dream of *legally* defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honor as a Christian gentleman!"

"You have done *right*, Philip," said Edith, with sparkling eyes. "We will wait, and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? what is her name?"

"That's just what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out, and then, darling——"

His lips quivered a moment—yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence:

"Then I will begin the battle [illegible] again."

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self-abnegation—a sweet testimonial!

"Hem!" said Dr. Wyllis, polishing his eye-glasses magisterially with a crimson silk pocket-handkerchief; "I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him—a very honorable thing to do. Edith, I have never felt exactly certain about Phil. Acre's being worthy of you before——"

"Papa!"

"But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?"

"This evening, sir," faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly drooping.

"Tell him, Edith, that he may have you next Wednesday, just the same as ever! And as for the law-practising—why there's time enough for that afterwards. Child, don't strangle me with your kisses—keep 'em for Phil."

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

"Tried—and *not* found wanting!" he muttered indistinctly.

The perfume of orange-blossoms had died away, the glimmer of pearls and satin were hidden in velvet caskets and travelling trunks—and Mr. and Mrs. Acre, old married people of full a week's duration, were driving along the shores of the Hudson in the amber glow of a glorious June sunset.

"Hallo! which way is Thomas going?" said Philip, leaning from the window, as the carriage turned out of the shore road.

"*I* told him the direction to take, Phil.!" said Edith, with bright, sparkling eyes. "Let me have my own way, just for once! We are going to our new home."

"Are we?" said Phil., with a comical grimace. "It is to be love in a cottage, I suppose!"

"Wait until you see, sir!" said Mrs. Acre, pursing up her little rose-bud of a mouth. And Philip "waited" duteously.

"Where are we?" he asked, in astonishment, when the carriage drew up in front of a stately pillared portico which seemed not entirely unfamiliar to him. "Surely this is Mortimer Place!"

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was!" said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the door-way. "Walk in, my boy—come, Edith! Well, how do you like the looks of your new home?"

"Our new home?" repeated Philip. "I do not understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Theron Mortimer, although she never knew it until this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. *I* was aware of the facts all along, but I wasn't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil. Acre! And now, as the deed of conveyance isn't made out yet, I don't suppose your lawyer need trouble himself about it. The heiress won't quarrel with you, I'll be bound!"

Philip Acre's cheek flushed and then grew pale with strong, hidden emotion, as he looked at his fair wife standing beside him when the sunset turned her bright hair to coils of shining gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of the darkness had come light!

Affection.—There is a false gravity that is a very ill symptom; and it may be said, that as rivers, which run very slowly, have always the most mud at the bottom; so a solid stiffness in the constant course of a man's life, is a sign of a thick bed of mud at the bottom of his brain.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

A good husband should be willing to take a certain amount of daily scolding from his wife. Fifty pounds of ballast should go free in the marriage stage-coach.

The delight we inspire in others has this enchanting peculiarity, that, far from being diminished like every other reflection, it returns to us more radiant than ever.

Prudery is often immodestly modest. It's habit is to multiply sentinels in proportion as the fortress is less threatened.

Coldness strengthens strong love, just as physical coldness makes strong people more vigorous and weak ones more puny.

Reports are polypuses; wounding and mutilating only multiplies them; sticking them into each other makes one out of two.

How the moon's fair, pale light and all its magic pass away when it is brought near by the telescope! as when the future becomes the present!

Some men are kinder to the occupants of their kennels than to their families. They will treat wife and children like dogs, but not dogs themselves so.

There are more sorrows of women than of men, just as, in heaven, there are more eclipses of the moon than of the sun.

Fervent love utters loving words in the dissolution of the body, as the melting bell in the burning steeple continues to sound out the hours.

Certain persons have, exactly at the melting point, the greatest appearance of hardening, as snow freezes just before a thaw.

All beautiful things, woman not excepted, have permission, in proportion to their beauty, to be otherwise useless.

Well-mated lovers are like the two wings of a dove, bearing one heart between them and always moving harmoniously.

In the education of children, bodily health should have primary attention. The tree of knowledge should be grafted with the tree of life.

Children, before and during a journey, are all wings and no stomach; as the butterfly's stomach shrinks up when her wings are spread.

Many girls seem diabolically possessed for ribbons, and devour them like jugglers, but never give them back.

A light word, like a snow-flake rolled far and wide, may grow and grow till at last in a strange land it crushes a city with the weight of an avalanche.

The tempestuous weather of life ends with cold air. The dying have dry eyes.

Whosoever can love nothing but his own likeness has nothing but himself to love.

One needs sometimes to have an iron heart, for fate may grasp it with an iron hand.

We detest a second leave-taking. It confuses the clear echo of the first.

To a brisk, bustling man, nothing makes time pass heavily but pastime.

Many a bloated frame is a tub without the Diogenes.

The mind, like the sea, is generally most phosphorescent when most agitated.

Always heed a baby's cries. They are the poor little fellow's only signals of distress.

As you stand by your young bride when you are married, so stand by her forever afterwards.

The tears of affection are the dew-drops from the blue sky of the soul.

There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence.

Fortune, like the inhabitants of Surinam, often fattens swine with pine-apples.

Manly resolution and adherence to the multiplication-table through all weathers will insure success.

In the hand of an embroideress, even the hard, polished needle bears beautiful flowers and fruits.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

The mind, like the body, wearies more from the want of action than from excess of it.

CURRENT ITEMS

A Minnesota paper challenges the "universal world" to show any other land possessing such a fertile and inexhaustible soil as that State can show, and says that five hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre in Minnesota, and other things in proportion, are nothing to wonder at, and speaks of squashes one of which two men could not carry in their naked hands. Apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, and other fruits pleasant to the palate are said to grow there in a profusion and to attain to an excellence which leave nothing to be desired—the only productions which excel them being the girls who are native and to the manor born.

A brutal man, living in Mulberry street, who has for years been addicted to hard drinking, attempted one evening, a short time since, while in a state of intoxication, to punish one of his children—a little girl about seven years old—and as she ran screaming from him he became enraged and threw a dirk knife at her, the point of which struck her between the shoulders and entering deep into her back inflicted what it was feared would prove to be a fatal wound. The miserable father, on becoming conscious of his fiendish act, fled from his home and at last accounts had not since been heard from.

Ten or a dozen sailors, just off of a long voyage, and ripe for fun while sober and ready for mischief when "half-seas-over," set off on a cruise around town one night lately to see what adventures they could meet with, and "making port" at drinking saloons rather too often, they soon lost their reckoning, and running afoul of a gang of rowdies near the intersection of Mulberry and Prince streets, a spirited contest was at once begun between the two parties, which resulted in the triumph of the sailors and the speedy dispersion of their antagonists, some of whom went off on one leg.

A runaway horse, dragging an express wagon behind him, while dashing along Broadway about a block below Union Square one day lately, ran over an unknown woman who was crossing the street, knocking her down and injuring her in a shocking manner. She was taken to a hospital, where she soon died, no one knowing who she was and she being unable to give any information concerning herself. Such an occurrence is indescribably horrible, as any lady walking the streets might be thus killed without being able to let her friends or family know her fate.

While a couple of boys—one ten and the other seven years old—were fishing in Newtown Creek one day lately, the younger in attempting to cast his hook into the water operated so bunglingly that it caught in the left eye of his companion, and penetrating beyond the barb, it had to be cut out by a surgeon, to the probable destruction of the sight of the organ. The poor little sufferer underwent much pain while the hook was in his eye and during the surgical operation by which it was removed.

The commander of Forts Wagner and Gregg, on Morris Island, having failed to blow them up on evacuating them, some of the Charlestonians proposed to have *him* blown up as a warning to all other commanders to be *sure* and do their duty hereafter under like circumstances. But General Beauregard well knowing the uselessness of such vindictive complaints against an officer within pistol shot of Gillmore's terrible batteries, paid no attention to the scribblers, but complimented the commander.

Julia Schoolcraft, a sewing girl working in Bridge street, Brooklyn, lately ran the needle of a sewing machine through the first joint of the thumb of her left hand, and the wound becoming very much inflamed and unbearably painful, she had the thumb cut off to give her relief.

A drunken man, who was allowed to climb to the top of a Bowery omnibus, fell from his perch near the Grand street crossing, and hitting his head on the iron track of the railroad his skull was fractured, and he was taken to a hospital.

Raging fires seem to be the rage in all quarters of the country of late. No less than thirty fires, a few of them frightfully destructive, and all of them destructive enough to be respectable, lately occurred within a period of five days.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 32.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THEODOSIUS, ARGOBASTES AND HONORIUS.

The assassins of Valentinian circulated the report that he had, in despair, committed suicide. The leader in his assassination, Argobastes, was a burly barbarian of the Frank nation. He had sagacity enough to know that his grasping at the throne would rouse opposition, and he had cunning enough to place Eugenius, a rhetorician of learning, eloquence and great suavity of manners, in nominal possession of the sceptre, while he sat behind the throne the real executor of law and dispenser of rewards and punishments. Theodosius, in the East, had married the sister of Valentinian. Neither the emperor nor the empress were deceived as to the cause of the death of the emperor, and sternly they resolved to avenge his death. But how was it to be avenged? By raising an immense army, slaughtering thousands of innocent men, burning their homes, making their wives widows, and their children orphans—men and families as innocent of the crime of Valentinian's death as babes unborn. Such is war. Two kings quarrel, and they avenge themselves by compelling peasants to slaughter each other, who do not even know what the quarrel is about.

Theodosius speedily gathered a powerful army of Iberians, Goths, Arabs, barbarians of a hundred tribes, who gazed upon each other with astonishment. These semi-savages marched under their own banners and their own leaders. Argobastes advanced to meet them, on the confines of Italy, at the foot of the Julian Alps. The theatre of war, small for the movement of such large armies, was compressed between the Alps and the Adriatic. A day of blood and woe, such as has disgraced ten *thousand days, upon this war-scathed fallen world*, ensued, and when night came, ten thousand of the army of Theodosius were slain, and the assassin Argobastes was victor. Theodosius, in the darkness, escaped to one of the fastnesses among the mountains, and there passed the night without food, without sleep, and in the deepest dejection. The energetic assassin was busy through all the hours of the night, despatching detachments of soldiers to seize all the passes in the mountains, that he might cut off the retreat of the foe. In the morning Theodosius saw his danger, and the utter hopelessness of his condition. He was just yielding to the extremities of despair, when messengers came to him with the declaration that a large part of the army of Argobastes were ready to desert and join his standard.

Thus animated, with alacrity Theodosius renewed the battle. In the heat of the struggle a violent easterly gale arose, which blew clouds of dust into the eyes of the foe, blinding them, smothering them and disordering their ranks. The mutineers regarded this as heaven's interposition to save them. They threw down their arms and surrendered. The victory of Theodosius was complete. Eugenius, the timid rhetorician, threw himself upon the mercy of the conqueror. But the fierce soldiers, as he lay prostrate at the feet of Theodosius, hewed off his head with their swords. Argobastes, a stern and desperate man, fled to the mountains. For many days he hid among the rocks, living upon berries and roots. But finding that his cause was desperate and escape hopeless, and conscious that he had no mercy to expect from Theodosius, he buried his own sword, to the hilt, in his own bosom.

For a brief season the East and the West—the whole world—seemed again re-united under one sovereign. Theodosius was an upright and a noble man. He was then but just fifty years of age. He had never loved war. Great public felicity was anticipated from his reign. But all these hopes were disappointed. The toils of the campaign proved too severe for one accustomed to and loving the arts of peace. In four months after his great victory Theodosius was seized by a dropsy, and through weary hours of languor and suffering, sank into the grave. Upon his dying bed he called his two sons, Arcadius and Honorius, before him, and invested the first with the sceptre of the East and Honorius with that of the West. Honorius commenced his reign at Milan, ushered to the throne by all the demonstrations of public rejoicing. During the reign of Theodosius, between the years 378 and 395, the ancient paganism was entirely extirpated. The effects of the apostacy of Julian were visible, in Rome, until his reign. There were, in the vast but decaying city, four hundred and fifty-four temples from whose altars idolatrous incense ascended. There is something very touching in the petition of a venerable old pagan that the pagan shrines of Rome might not be abolished.

"Pity and respect my age," said he to the emperor, "which has hitherto flowed in an uninterrupted course of piety. Permit me to continue in the practice of my ancient rites. Allow me to enjoy my domestic institutions. These rites have repelled Hannibal and the Gauls from the capitol. I am ignorant of the new system which I am urged to adopt."

But the Archbishop of Milan had more influence with the Roman emperor than the pagan orator. He derided the reverence for antiquity as absurd, hostile to the progress of the age, and tending to perpetuate those abuses which the advance of civilization would destroy. In view of these arguments, on both sides, the Senate was convened and the question was proposed whether the worship of Jupiter or that of Christ should be the religion of the Romans. There was a division of the Senate, but the large majority degraded Jupiter and enthroned Christ. The worship of idols was proscribed, the idolatrous temples were abandoned to decay. The Pantheon, one of the most magnificent temples ever reared to gods of wood and stone, was converted into a Christian church. But generally, throughout the whole Roman world, wherever there was an idolatrous temple found, it was leveled to the dust.

Arcadius, who was invested with the empire of the East, was eighteen years of age. He was born in Spain, but had received a princely education in Constantinople. Honorius was but eleven years old. The kingdom of this nerveless boy embraced Italy, Africa, Gaul, Spain and Britain. The two empires were nearly equal in territory, wealth and power. Jealousies and hostility soon sprang up between the two brothers. They marshalled their armies and filled the ranks with barbarians, and there were many irritating petty conflicts. Honorius, being an emperor, thought that he ought in all respects to be a man. He therefore, when fourteen years of age, married his cousin. But he was still a child, and a very imbecile child at that. Feeding poultry became his principal employment and pleasure. Ambitious and energetic courtiers grasped the reins of government, and the boy emperor, pampered with luxury, was virtually a captive in his palace. For twenty-eight years he nominally reigned. But there was scarcely a slave in the empire who had less to do than he in the administration of affairs.

The savage warriors of the north came pouring down upon the sunny plains of Italy. In midwinter they crossed the Danube, a writer of the times saying, that "they rolled their ponderous wagons over the broad and icy banks of the indignant river." The world-renowned Alaric, first conquering Greece, forced his way, driving all opposition before him, through the passes of the Julian Alps. The gleam of his triumphant banners was seen from the towers of the imperial palace in Milan. The cowardly emperor wished to flee for personal safety to Gaul. One of his generals for a short time heroically held the barbarians at bay. The whole strength of the armies of decaying Rome was concentrated to resist the invader. All was in vain. Alaric pressed sternly on. Honorius in terror fled from Milan, hoping to find refuge in the city of Arles. He had but just crossed the Po when the swift cavalry of the Goth overtook him. In a series of disasters Alaric was defeated and driven out of Italy. To enjoy his triumph Honorius went to Rome. The imperial city was honored with a pageant which it had not witnessed for generations. The barbarous exhibition of gladiatorial fights was, on this occasion, for the last time seen in Rome. Christianity uttered her earnest remonstrance, and the remonstrance was heeded; though the rash Christian who threw himself into the arena to separate the combattants was instantly slain and buried in the missiles hurled upon him from the galleries.

The timid emperor, alarmed at his narrow escape from Alaric, sought refuge in the almost inaccessible fortress of Ravenna, near the mouth of the Po. He was then but 20 years of age. And now there was a constant influx of the barbarians, army after army, sometimes victorious, sometimes vanquished, desolating the Roman empire. Whole provinces were left but smoldering ruins. There was a renowned Roman general, Stilicho, who led the armies which opposed the barbarians, and whose genius alone sustained the lingering life of the empire. Three times the Gothic army besieged Rome. Three times they ravaged the streets of the imperial city. The wildest deeds of ferocity and crime were enacted. The palaces of Rome were sacked, and the streets ran red with blood. Indeed, Italy was virtually in possession of the Goths. After a long and inglorious reign of twenty-eight years, during which the empire was crumbling rapidly to ruin, Honorius died, in the year 403.

MAN AND HORSE.

Man, in many respects, is a good deal like the horse, or rather, to be more precise, the varieties of the genus *homo*—man—bear considerable resemblance to those of the genus *hippo*—horse. There is, for instance, your cart-horse man, who lumbers along the beaten track with half-closed eyes and head depressed, looking neither to the right nor to the left; stolid, stupid, motiveless, without fire or action—a mere automaton that moves mechanically at the slowest possible pace along the Great Highway. Again, there is your human hackney of the political livery-stable, who is at anybody's service who has the wherewithal to hire him. Then there are your fancy cattle of the Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth street stock—delicately groomed by expert valets and "clothed" by court-end tailors—that prance and caracole on a "Field of the Cloth of Gold," in splendid housings. Nor must the "fast crabs" of Humanity be forgotten, who dash along Life's Third Avenue at a killing pace—nor the high-bred "cracks" of the Palatial Mews of the Old World, whose boast is of their "blood" and "pedigree," and who claim distinction on the "turf," on the strength of the bones of noble sires and dams who for centuries have mouldered under it.

Oh yes, there are many points of resemblance between the human race and the horse race. One of them is, that both make a better appearance when "coupled up" in double harness than when they run singly with "sulky" arrangements. We put it to any wisely-married man, if the "double team" plan is not the best, provided the "pair" are equally kind and gentle, and neither of them is given to kick out of the "traces" or "fly the track!"

AN AMERICAN CORONATION.

Maximilian of Austria is coming over to be crowned Emperor of Mexico. The "Nuncio," who we presume is to put the bauble on his brow, has already been appointed at Rome. The eagle with a snake in its beak, which is the heraldic emblem of the Mexican republic, will probably be split down the back like a spring chicken, and have a crown imperial placed on each section of its cranium, so as to give it a family resemblance to the scarecrow of the House of Hapsburg. What will be done with the snake we cannot say, but perhaps the emperor may one day find it, or it may find him, *in the grass*. The coronation will be a pretty show, no doubt, and perhaps some of our aristocracy, who have a taste for titles and trumpery, may go to see it, and to be "presented at court." They had better go early, for we have a strong foreboding that the spectacle will be a short-lived one. His imperial majesty will sit under the sword of Damocles, and pretty soon the *hair will break*. The "funeral baked meats" are likely to follow hard upon the espousals of Max and Mexico. We pity the Archduke of Austria, the convenient tool of the Archfiend of France. This civil war of ours will be over before very long, we trust, and then our venerable uncle, even Sam, will have leisure to poke Monroe at the Austrian popinjay. No life assurance office in the United States would be so impolitic as to grant him a policy, except at an "extra hazardous" premium. As the sailors say of a youthful midshipman, "he is like a young bear—all his sorrows are to come." Verily, they may be bitter and manifold.

COMING BACK—HEROES VS. FOPS.

The court cards of the social pack are coming back to us from the watering-places. Queens of Diamonds and of Hearts, Kings of *Clubs* and a few *knaves* of the same suit begin to show themselves in Broadway. In short, the country, as a rendezvous of Fashion, is nearly "played out" for the present "season," and the ornamental class once more embellish our promenades. The fair daughters of the First Families look all the better for having shaken Nature's little finger with their dainty jewelled hands, and the exquisites who go out of town to shoot a little, fish a little, and flirt a little, are a trifle browner than when they left us. The milliners and tailors have been sighing for their advent, and here they are at last—the ladies in full Fall rig—how different from the *Fall* style introduced by Madame Eve—the gentlemen with their mustaches newly Napoleonized, their hats as grotesque, their coats as shapeless and their "continuations" as baggy as ever. They look very nice. New York without them seemed like a gift-book with the pictures torn out and the blue and gold rubbed off the cover. It is delightful to see the illustrations restored and the gilding renewed. The Park is once more presentable, and into the churches on Fifth Avenue flutter on Sundays gay flocks of birds of paradise, newly plumed for conquest.

Meanwhile, among the swamps and bayous and sand-hills of the South, the great war for the Union goes gloriously on—gloriously, but at a mournful cost of life. Mingling with the show-folk in Broadway one sees dark-visaged men, in soiled and faded uniforms, who have returned to us, not from the spas and the summer sea-ports, but from vortices of blood and fire. They smell of gunpowder, not of fops' essences, and their ingrain "tan" is too deep for cosmetics. How grand they look—these *boiler-iron fellows*—among the china-ware of the *ton*. Do the porcelain people realize how much they owe them? You, sir, with the tightly-fitting kids and the flavor of patchouly, are you aware what these *men* have been doing while you were *small-talking* at Saratoga? In the fore-front of battle, where the earth shook and the air quivered with the thunder of great guns, they were grappling with Treason in the battle cloud, while you were puffing your choice Havana and making fancy strokes on a patent billiard-table. How would you like to play a carom game where the balls are hundred pounders and the cues rifled Parrotts? But the question is needless. It is not your *cue* to fight, for "Pluck" is not your prompter. Stand aside then, and tip your "nobby" beaver to Valor on furlough. And you, Miss, to whom no end of dandies are anxious to make popinjay love, do you ever think, as you lay aside your frippery after a grand dress party, of the contrast between the sumptuous saloon where you have been feted and flattered, and the gloomy outposts where, in darkness and silence, chilled by the night dews or pelted by the storm, the picket-guards of our army keep watch and ward? Yes, you *do* think of it, we have no doubt, for carnage and endurance rarely fail to interest the heart of woman, whether it throbs under "domestic" or brocade. After the war the "bloods," who have shirked "villanous saltpetre," will have to give place to the returning fire-eaters.

BABIES OUT OF PLACE.

A place for everything and everything in its place is a capital, but much neglected, maxim. Now, the place for babies is not a crowd; yet who ever saw a crowd [illegible] of infancy. Babies [illegible] to dense assemblages. Mobs, however genteel, don't agree with them. They don't like to be taken to concerts, or panoramas, or public shows of any kind, preferring to stay at home and enjoy their own rooms. Far be it from us to blame them, for, as a general thing, so do we. Though minors in law they have their natural rights, these little off-shoots. It is their prerogative—one against which the objection of *non user* cannot be justly pleaded in bar—to cry aloud and spare not. But this is no reason why they should be introduced into the midst of full-grown audiences to take everybody aback with their squalls. Quite the contrary. Not long ago, on a very warm evening, it was our privilege to sit, at a public exhibition, behind a motherly little woman in pursuit of amusement under difficulty. The difficulty consisted of a fat cherub nearly as large as herself. We call it a cherub, because, like the cherubim, it continually did cry. The term fat does not convey an adequate idea of that butter-ball of a baby. It was one of the kind that you have to sand to keep them from slipping out of bed in the dog-days. A more spherical specimen of unweaned humanity we never beheld. Suddenly it uplifted its remarkable falsetto several octaves above concert pitch. "All aboard!" shouted somebody behind us—and really the noise was very much like the warning whistle of a locomotive. "Goodness!" exclaimed the mother, addressing a young lady who sat next her, "why, he didn't cry a mite at the fireworks on the Fourth. We was most squeezed to death there and the little darling never said a word." But whatever forbearance the infant had originally possessed was probably exhausted on that memorable occasion. He knew his rights now, and maintained them at the top of his voice. Lacteal refreshment was offered, and for a few moments the clamor subsided into a bubble-and-squeak. But the youthful rebel was not to be thus bound over to keep the peace. He had no idea of being coaxed into the realm of Somnus by the Milky Way. Again and again he "threw his voice," not like a ventriloquist toward one particular spot or person, but generally at the ears of the distracted crowd. At length it became husky, as if the young gentleman were vociferating through a worsted stocking. The young lady at the mother's elbow—a benison upon her for her thoughtful kindness—suggested croup! She said the child's cry "sounded croupy." "What'll I do! Oh dear! oh dear!" whimpered the alarmed matron. The young lady was equal to the occasion. With admirable presence of mind she recommended "home, hive syrup and a warm bath," and the anxious parent wrapped up her heavy armful in a suffocating quantity of shawl, and left. We don't know what became of the child. Perhaps it died! Let mothers who are in the habit of taking their little olive branches into places where their room would be more acceptable than their company, take warning from its *possible* fate.

A NEW FOLLY.

Have you seen the new parasol feat? I was not quite sure I was wide awake, the first time I lately saw a lady, holding one between the thumb and forefinger of her kidded hand, at such a painful and preposterous angle from her person, that one scarcely knew whether to pity or to laugh at her. This spectacle, rapidly gaining ground, may be seen any sunshiny day, by the curious, who wish to witness the superhuman exertions "lovely woman" sometimes makes, to convince lookers on that she was born minus brains. Meantime let us hope some philanthropist has already invented a specific for the cramps which must certainly follow this "genteelly" agonizing parasol posturing. FANNY FERN.

HOW I LOST MY HAT.

The wind had blown great guns all last night and throughout the forenoon. Although June was hardly yet out of its teens, heaps of green leaves lay where they had been swirled up in the gutters and the many nameless nooks of the great city. The parks were strewn with the wrenched limbs of trees. Here lay a venerable willow with its feet in the air, and its silvery-green head bowed down into the water of the rippled basin. The gold-fish were flashing here and there through its water-logged tresses. Venetian blinds and pannelled shutters hung tottering from their fractured hinges. Scattered bricks lay promiscuously upon the side-walks. The chimneys had shed them when collared and shaken by the riotous wind that howled through the city at night.

How glorious that June afternoon when all this turmoil of the air-demons was over! There is a peculiar balm perceptible in the summer air, after the summer hurricane, that brings relief to the breather of it. Glycerine to the angry spot left by the miscreant mosquito is not more agreeable than is that invisible balm to the dust-aggravated lungs of the dweller in cities.

Partly to enjoy the delicious breeze of that serene afternoon, and not altogether without a view to sporting a new and elegant Panama hat in which I had just been persuaded to invest rashly the sum of twenty-five dollars, I placed that sweet importation from the Isthmus jauntily upon my head, and, sallying forth, took the first Sixth Avenue car that passed, and journeyed for the Central Park.

Somehow, notwithstanding the beauty of the evening, there were but few visitors to the Park. Not half-a-dozen carriages, no very great throng of horsemen, and hardly a pedestrian except myself. Possibly the inhabitants of New York were occupied in bracing up their shaken blinds and shutters, restoring the errant bricks to their desolated chimneys, and removing the vernal rubbish from their nooks and channels.

The swans on the lake were all busily engaged in trimming their plumage, which must have been sadly ruffled by the rude play of the storm. Some of the gaily painted boats had broken from their moorings and were stranded upon the shelving beach, and I noticed that the funereal-looking Venetian gondola had been removed—as a precaution, I suppose—from its anchorage out in the lake, and was lashed up to the posts of one of the little summer-houses that afford shelter to the pedestrian here and there on the margin.

Entering the wide-roofed shed, I sat down close to the gondola, which I had never before had an opportunity of examining closely. It was such an ancient piece of carving and brass-work that touching it was like shaking hands with one of those brocaded stock-brokers of old Venice whom Shakespeare drew so well. There was a rusty bloom upon the black cloth hangings of the little cabin, quite favorable to the possibility that Lorenzo and Jessica had chartered that very gondola when they planned and executed that little elopement affair of theirs that set old Mr. Shylock plucking wildly at his usurial beard. The ducal coronet in brass was a sweet forbidden apple for a republican to touch. I patted it with my fore-finger, and fancied myself a Venetian Doge of old about to cast his wedding-ring into the palpitating Adriatic. And then the old oaken wood-work was a very black-letter study in itself. There must be some meaning in it all; some allusion, surely: and I mentally apostrophized myself for an unmitigated ignoramus, because I could not interpret those complicated zig-zags into some legend of Caraletti, or St. Mark, or the old Dukes who were mad enough to suppose that the Adriatic would obey them as a faithful spouse.

Night fell as I was musing over the carved and upholstered boat; there was no moon, and it was quite dark as I rose to leave the place. Suddenly a pale yellow light, like that of the harvest moon, gleamed from the window of the gondola, whose outline had been hardly perceptible for the last ten minutes through the gloom. A superstitious feeling crept over me. The night was very still and dark: the place was lonely. I crouched low in a corner of the rustic seat, and watched for the revelation that was at hand.

There was a dark figure in the stern of the boat. I could not discern his features, but the light fell on his hands as he trimmed and arranged the pale lamp that threw its sickly rays into the little hearse-like cabin. His movements were noiseless and shadowy, and from the way in which he arranged certain implements and articles belonging to the boat, I surmised that he was the gondolier, and I waited breathlessly to see what the next moment might develop.

Presently I heard a light rustle as of drapery in motion. No footsteps sounded upon the plank floor of the summer-house, but two figures glided stealthily past me in the gloom, so closely that their garments brushed my knees. They carried a white bundle between them, and, entering the gondola, deposited their burden carefully upon the cushioned seat of the cabin. The light now gleamed upon the new comers, and I could see that they were masquers from some revel. One of them was dressed in a domino, the other in a rich costume of embroidered silk; and the features of both were concealed by black masks.

"The trance continues long upon her," said the domino, as well as I could make out his meaning, for he spoke in Italian.

"Speak in French," rejoined the other in that language. "We don't want the gondolier to know all."

"We can do without the gondolier, I think—I have played the part ere now, as you know," said the domino, and, addressing a few words in Italian to the man in the stern of the boat, that person disappeared, but so noiselessly that I was not aware whether he passed me on the floor of the summer-house or not.

"Throw the light on her face," said the silken masquer; "'tis a pity of one so young:" and, stooping in at the cabin door, he removed a white veil by which the object reclining upon the cushion was partially covered.

By the pale light of the lamp I could now discern that the subject of his remark was a woman of remarkable beauty. Her face, which was as pale and almost as rigid as marble, surged, as it were, upon gleaming waves of rich auburn hair. The expression of her features was as that of one who had died in a troubled sleep, but a scarcely perceptible heaving of her bosom gave evidence that she yet lived.

"Ay," replied the domino, still in French; "it's rather a pity, certainly; but the honor of the house of Lusignani is concerned, you know. As officers of his household, it is our duty to do his bidding, without remonstrance."

"And what taste the Count displays in his arrangements," returned the other, producing a large sack from the locker of the boat. "This beauty-bag, as Stephano calls it, is more elegantly embroidered even than the one in which the first Countess sleeps beneath these emerald waters. The leaden sinkers, you will observe, are all stamped with the Lusignani crest."

"How much more judicious it is to drug a woman before you drown her. The screams of the first Countess, as you remember, scandalized half Venice as we dropped down in this same old gondola. If gondolas only had the gift of speech, what queer old stories this one could tell!"

"Nevertheless," said the embroidered man, "I got one concession from the Count. The Lusignanis are deeply religious, you know. Previous to drugging her wine at the festival, 'Count,' whispered I, 'there's one thing I can't do, and that is to send a soul unshrived to spirit-limbo. Permit me to use the poison at my own discretion then. The lady shall have enough, rely upon it, to secure her perfect tranquility while we remove her to the Pool of the Lusignani. There shall be no family scandal this time, you may depend. But she must receive the last offices of the church before she makes the Pool gurgle.' Would you believe it now—the Count consented; and that's the reason I await her recovery from the poison-trance. Friar Lorenzo will be here at ten o'clock to shrive her."

A cold perspiration beaded out upon my brow, and trickled over me like melting snow-flakes. My eyes were dimmed with the horrors of the night. I strove to cry out, but could not.

Presently a great bell, sounding as if from some lofty tower, clanged slowly forth ten ponderous strokes over the vibrating water. Then all was hushed as before.

"Now," exclaimed the domino, after about five minutes had elapsed, "time is up and past. Your friar has forgotten his engagement, it seems, and so we must be away without him. 'Tis time I were home. I have a live wife there who is worth two dead Countesses. Shove off, there——" and the gondola glided noiselessly away into the gloom.

This must not be! Am I a man that I lie crouching here while a terrible deed is about to be done! Let me follow, at least, and strike for the rescue, if but one blow and my last!

And with these words I drew toward me a skiff, which I now for the first time perceived moored alongside by a rope, and, dropping into it, paddled furiously in the direction of the muffled clank that came from the oars of the retreating gondola.

As I neared the object of my pursuit, I saw that it was again stationary. I shot near enough to the gondola, which was now quite visible in the first faint beams of the rising moon, to see that she rocked heavily upon the still water. There was a struggle on board of her. Imprecations reached my ear, and presently the shrill, agonized shriek of a woman rifted the heavy night air. Nearer and nearer I edged in my little boat.

"Curse on her!" growled the raven voice of the domino; "I guessed it would come to this, with your religion. Where's the knife?"

"Can't you tie a handkerchief over her mouth?" said the ruffian in silk. "She has grasped me so tight that I can't pull the sack down, and these cries of hers will bring scandal on the house of Lusignani."

"Oh! d—n your handkerchief!" roared the other. "Give me the knife I tell you;" and, lunging forward, he drew from the belt of his companion a long blade, which shot glittering sparks out in the moonlight as he raised it aloft.

"By heaven this shall not be!" shouted I, now thoroughly nerved to action, and, springing forward to reach the gondola, I found myself grasped and shaken by a powerful hand, and heard a remarkably gruff voice saying to me in strong English:

"Rouse up there, man; rouse up! It's lucky that I came upon you just in time, or you'd a gone over. I guess you dream some when you sleep with your head over water."

I was now thoroughly aroused to the fact that a large, gray man stood glowering at me with an expression not altogether devoid of contempt. He was a Park policeman, in short; there could be [illegible] doubt of it whatever.

"Where's my hat?" inquired I, running my fingers through my hair, which was cold and clammy with the night dew.

"Gone over, in coorse," replied the guardian of the night, coldly. "If it was a white one I guess that's it spinning away there towards the middle of the lake."

I looked for the gondola, lately so close at hand, but it had been removed while I slept, and was now bobbing up and down in the night breeze, at its moorings about eighty yards from the shore.

"Can't you get me a boat to go after my hat?" asked I of the gray man.

"No boat at this hour of the night, sir. Sorry for it but such is our orders."

Wrapping my pocket handkerchief round my head, I turned and left the spot, not without one longing, lingering look, however, at my retreating Panama, which seemed smaller and smaller in the distance, until at last it filled and sunk out of sight forever. I took the bearings of the spot where it disappeared, with a view of having the lake dragged for it next day, but on further consideration, dismissed that project from my head as one that would not hold water, purchased a plain straw hat for one dollar and twenty-five cents, and put myself upon such a course of general economy as will gradually restore me to the financial status enjoyed by me previous to my rash investment in Panama stock.

A SOLDIER'S COMPLAINT.

Camp 65th New York Vols., 1st Brigade, [illegible]
6th Corps, *September 14th*, 1863.

Mr. Robert Bonner—*Dear Sir*:—The writer is a constant reader of the Ledger, and takes the liberty of addressing you on a subject of much importance, hoping you will give it some space in your valuable paper. It becomes my duty to call the attention of those whom it may concern to the defect of the present mail system, as it now exists. Why is it that there is such irregularity in transmitting mail matter through to the army. Many instances could be cited by the writer, which would go to prove either it is through the palpable neglect of the Post Office officials or else it is through the blundering carelessness of their subordinates, that mail matter heavier than a common letter is often detained several days, and sometimes weeks, after it becomes due. The writer has been subject to the like way or style of doing business in the Post Office department. It has been stated to the writer that in Washington when the "Post Office attaches" sort over the mail on the evening of its arrival from the North, that they only send the letters through to the army, and all mail matter heavier than a common letter is thrown to one side, to be sent at a more convenient time. Is it the fault of the Post Office officials at Washington or the army mail agents? The soldiers of this army are *constantly* complaining of the non receipt of letters and other mail matters; and it is to be hoped, for the sake of the poor soldiers, that this apparent neglect of duty on the part of the Post Office officials will be investigated as soon as possible. Very respectfully, your obt. servant,

Wm. H. Latham, Co. F. 65th N. Y. Vols.

—A farmer in Illinois writes to a local paper in that State that one of his peach trees bore two thousand two hundred and sixty-nine peaches this season, of which seven of the middling-sized ones weighed a pound, and that in his opinion the average weight of the crop would be in proportion to the weight of these seven. This would give a total weight of over three hundred and twenty-four pounds to the crop, which strikes us as being a rather heavy burden for a peach tree to bear.

—A French *savan* has come out savagely against tobacco and smokers. He says that the most smoking nations, the Turks and Persians, have fumigated themselves into a chronic recumbency of position, and for the most part spend their lives reclining lazily on their couches and divans, and hence, he says, "they are utterably unable to cope with the perpendicular peoples who do not smoke themselves into helpless horizontalism."

THE MERRY MONARCH.

(IMITATED FROM BERANGER'S "LE ROI D'YVETOT.")

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

In Normandy there reigned a King,
(I 've quite forgot his name;)
Who led a jolly sort of life,
And did n't care for fame.
A night-cap was his crown of State,
Which Jenny placed upon his pate,
Ha! ha!—laugh and sing;
O was n't he a funny King?

II.

He ate his meals, like other Kings,
Slept soundly and secure,
And, on a donkey, every year
He made his royal tour;
A little dog—it was his whim—
Was body-guard enough for him:
Ha! ha!—laugh and sing;
O was n't he a funny King?

III

A single foible he confessed—
A tendency to drink;
But kings who heed their subjects' weal,
Must mind their own, I think;
And thus it was his tax he got—
For every cask an extra pot,
Ha! ha!—laugh and sing;
O wasn't he a funny king?

IV.

The girls admired this worthy king;
And many a merry youth
Would hail his majesty as "Sire,"
And doubtless spoke the truth.
He viewed his troops in goodly ranks,
But still their cartridges were blanks.
Ha! ha!—laugh and sing;
O wasn't he a funny king?

V

He never stole his neighbors' land
To magnify his realm;
But steered his little ship of state
With honor at the helm;
And when, at last, the king was dead,
No wonder all the people said:—
"Ah! ah!—weep and sing;
O wasn't he a noble king?"

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE MARRIAGE MORNING.

I trust that never more in this world's shade
Thine eyes will be upon me: never more
Thy face come back to me. For thou hast made
My whole life sore:
Fare hence, and be forgotten . . . Sing thy song,
And braid thy brow,
And be beloved and beautiful,—and be
In beauty baleful still . . . a Serpent Queen
To others not yet curst in loving thee
As I have been!
MEREDITH.

Ishmael awoke. After a restless night, followed by an hour's complete forgetfulness, that more nearly resembled the swoon of exhaustion than the sleep of health, Ishmael awoke to a new sense of wretchedness.

You who have suffered know what such awakenings are. You have seen some one dearer than life die; but hours, days, or weeks of expectation have gradually prepared you for the last scene; and though you have seen the dear one die, and though you have wept yourself half blind and half dead, you have slept the sleep of utter oblivion, which is like death; but you [illegible] ness to meet the shock of memory and the sense of sorrow a thousand times more overwhelming than the first blow of bereavement had been.

Or you have been for weeks looking forward to the parting of one whose presence is the very light of your days. And in making preparations for that event the thought of coming separation has been somewhat dulled; but at last all is ready; the last night has come; you all separate and go to bed, with the mutual injunction to be up early in the morning for the sake of seeing "him"—it may be some brave volunteer going to the war—off; after lying awake nearly all night you suddenly drop into utter forgetfulness of impending grief, and into some sweet dream of pleasantness and peace. You awake with a start; the hour has come; the hour of parting; the hour of doom!

Yes, whatever the grief may be, it is in the hour of such awakenings we feel it most poignantly.

Thus was it with Ishmael. The instant he awoke the spear of memory transfixed his soul. He could have cried out in his agony. It took all his manhood to control his pain. He arose and dressed himself and offered up his morning worship and went to the breakfast-room, resolved to pass through the day's fiery ordeal, cost him what it might.

Claudia was not at breakfast. In fact, she seldom or never appeared at the breakfast-table; and this morning of all mornings it was quite natural she should be absent. But Mrs. Middleton and Bee, Judge Merlin, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Brudenell, Walter and Ishmael were present. It was in order that people should be merry on a marriage morning; but somehow or other that order was not followed. Judge Merlin, Mrs. Middleton and Bee were unusually grave and silent; Mr. Brudenell was always sad; Ishmael was no conventional talker, and, therefore, could not seem other than he was—very serious. It was quite in vain that Mr. Middleton and Walter tried to get up a little jesting and badinage. And when the constraint of the breakfast-table was over every one felt relieved.

"Remember," said Mrs. Middleton, with her hand upon the back of her chair, "that the carriages will be at the door at half-past ten; it is now half-past nine."

"And that means we have but an hour to put on our wedding garments," said Walter. "Bee, have you got my finery ready?"

"You will find everything you require laid out on your bed, Walter."

"You are the best little sister that ever was born! I doubt whether I shall let Ishmael, or any one else, have you until I get a wife of my own; and even then I don't know but what I shall want you home to look after her and the children!" rattled Walter, careless or unobservant of the deep blush that mantled the maiden's face.

"Ishmael," said the judge, "I wish you to take the fourth seat in the carriage with myself and daughter and Beatrice. Will you do so?"

Ishmael's emotions nearly choked him, but he answered:

"Certainly, if you wish."

"The four bridesmaids will fill the second carriage, and Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, Mr. Brudenell and Walter the third. I do not know the arrangements made for our other friends; but I dare say it is all right. Oh, Ishmael, I feel as though we were arranging a procession to the grave instead of to the altar," he added, with a heavy sigh. Then correcting himself, he said:

"But this is all very morbid. So no more of it."

And the judge wrung Ishmael's hand; and each went his separate way to dress for the wedding.

Meanwhile the bride-elect sat alone in her luxurious dressing-room.

Around her, scattered over tables, chairs and stands, lay the splendid paraphernalia of her bridal array—rich dresses, mantles, bonnets, veils; magnificent shawls, sparkling jewels, blooming flowers, intoxicating perfumes.

On the superb malachite stand beside her stood a silver tray, on which was arranged an elegant breakfast-service of Bohemian china. But the breakfast was untasted and forgotten.

There was no one to watch her; she had sent her maid away with orders not to return until summoned by her bell.

And now, while her coffee unheeded grew cold, she sat, leaning forward in her easy chair, with her hands tightly clasped together over her knees, her tumbled black ringlets fallen down upon her dressing-gown, and her eyes flared open and fixed in a dreadful stare upon the far distance as if spell-bound by some horror there.

To have seen her thus, knowing that she was a bride-elect, you might have judged that she was about to be forced into some loathed marriage, from which her whole tortured nature revolted.

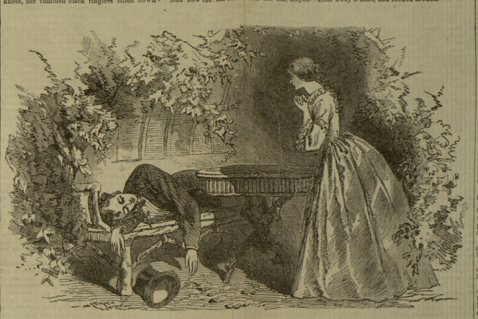
And you would have judged truly. She was being thus forced into such a marriage, not by any tyrannical parent, or guardian, for flesh and blood could not have forced Claudia Merlin into any measure she had set her will against. She was forced by the demon Pride, who had taken possession of her soul!

And now she sat alone with her sin, dispossessed of all her better self, face to face with her lost soul!

She was roused by the entrance of Mrs. Middleton—Mrs. Middleton in full carriage dress—robe and mantle of mauve-colored moire-antique, a white lace bonnet with mauve-colored flowers, and white kid gloves finished at the wrists with mauve ribbon quillings.

"Why, Claudia, is it possible? Not commenced dressing yet and every body else ready, and the clock on the stroke of ten! What *have* you been thinking of, child?"

Claudia started like one suddenly aroused from sleep, threw her hands to her face as if to clear away a mist, and looked around.



BEE FINDS ISHMAEL IN THE ARBOR.

But Mrs. Middleton had hurried to the door and was calling:

"Here! Alice! Laura! 'Gena! Lotty! Where are you, my dears?"

Receiving no answer, she flew to the bell and rang it and brought Claudia's maid to the room.

"Ruth! hurry to the young ladies' room and give my compliments and ask them to come here as soon as possible! Miss Merlin is not yet dressed!"

The girl went on her errand and Mrs. Middleton turned again to Claudia:

"Not even eaten your breakfast yet! Oh, Claudia!" and she poured out a cup of coffee and handed it to her niece.

And Claudia drank it, because it was easier to do so than to expostulate.

At the moment that Claudia returned the cup the door opened and the four bridesmaids entered—all dressed in floating, cloud-like, misty white tulle, and crowned with wreathes of white roses and holding bouquets of the same.

They laid down their bouquets, drew off their white gloves and fluttered around the bride and with their busy fingers quickly dressed her luxuriant black hair, and arrayed her stately form in her superb bridal dress.

This dress was composed of an under-skirt of the richest white satin and an upper robe of the finest Valenciennes lace looped up with bunches of orange flowers. A berthe of lace fell over the satin bodice. And a long veil of lace flowed from the queenly head down to the tiny foot. A wreath of orange flowers, sprinkled over with the icy dew of small diamonds, crowned her black ringlets. And diamonds adorned her neck, bosom, arms and stomacher. Her bouquet-holder was studded with diamonds, and her initials on the white velvet cover of her prayer-book were formed of tiny seed-like diamonds.

No sovereign queen on her bridal morn was ever more richly arrayed. But, oh! how deadly pale and cold she was!

"There!" they said, triumphantly, when they had finished dressing her, even to the arranging of the bouquet of orange flowers in its costly holder and putting it in her hand. "There!" And they wheeled the tall Psyche mirror up before her that she might view and admire herself.

She looked thoughtfully at the image reflected there. She looked so long that Mrs. Middleton, growing impatient, said:

"My love, it is time to go."

"Leave me alone for a few minutes, all of you! I will not keep you waiting long," said Claudia.

"She wishes to be alone to offer up a short prayer before going to be married," was the thought in the heart of each one of the party, as they filed out of the room.

Did Claudia wish to pray? Did she intend to ask God's protection against evil? Did she dare to ask His blessing on the act she contemplated?

We shall see.

She went after the last retreating figure and closed and bolted the door. Then she returned to her dressing bureau, opened a little secret drawer and took from it a tiny jar of rouge, and with a piece of cotton-wool applied it to her deathly-white cheeks until she had produced there an artificial bloom, more brilliant than that of her happiest days, only because it was more brilliant than that of nature. Then to soften its fire she powdered her face with pearl white and finally with a fine handkerchief carefully dusted off the superfluous particles.

Having done this, she put away her cosmetics and took from the same receptacle a vial of the spirits of lavender and mixed a spoonful of it with water and drank it off.

Then she returned the vial to its place and locked up the secret drawer where she kept her deceptions.

She gave one last look at the mirror, saw that between the artificial bloom and the artificial stimulant her face presented a passable counterfeit of its long lost radiance; she drew her bridal veil around so as to shade it a little, lowered her head and raised her bouquet, that her friends might not see the suspicious suddenness of the transformation from deadly pallor to living bloom;—for though Claudia, in an hour of hysterical passion, had discovered this secret of her toilet to Beatrice, yet she was really ashamed of it and wished to conceal it from all others.

She opened the door, went out and joined her friends in the hall, saying with a cheerfulness that she had found in the lavender vial:

"I am quite ready for the show now!"

But she kept her head lowered and averted, for a little while, though in fact her party were too much excited to scrutinize her appearance, especially as they had had a good view of her while making her toilet.

They went down into the drawing-room, where the family and their nearest relations were assembled and waiting for them.

Bee was there, looking lovely as usual. Bee, who almost always wore white when in full dress, now varied from her custom by wearing a glacé silk of delicate pale blue, with a white lace mantle and a white lace bonnet and veil. Bee did this because she did not mean to be mustered into the bride's service, or even mistaken by any person for one of the bride's maids. Beyond her obligatory presence in the church as one of the bride's family Bee was resolved to have nothing to do with the sacrilegious marriage.

"Come, my dear! Are you ready? How beautiful you are, my Claudia. I never paid you a compliment before, my child; but surely I may be excused for doing so now that you are about to leave me! 'How blessings brighten as they take their flight,'" whispered the judge, as he met and kissed his daughter.

And certainly Claudia's beauty seemed perfectly dazzling this morning. She smiled a greeting to all her friends assembled there, and then gave her hand to her father, who drew it within his arm and led her to the carriage.

Ishmael, like one in a splendid, terrible dream, from which he could not wake, in which he was obliged to act, went up to Bee and drew her little white-gloved hand under his arm, and led her after the father and daughter.

The other members of the marriage party followed in order.

Besides Judge Merlin's brougham and Mr. Middleton's barouche, there were several other carriages drawn up before the house.

Bee surveyed this retinue and murmured:

"Indeed, except that we all wear light colors instead of black and the coachmen have no hat-scarfs, this looks quite as much like a funeral as a wedding."

Ishmael did not reply; he could not wake from that dazzling, horrible dream.

When they were seated in the carriage, Claudia and Beatrice occupied the back seat; the judge and Ishmael the front one; the judge sat opposite Bee, and Ishmael opposite Claudia.

The rich drifts of shining white satin and misty white lace that formed her bridal dress floated around him; her foot inadvertently touched his, her warm, balmy breath passed him. Never had he been so close to Claudia before; that carriage was so confined and crowded;—dread proximity! The dream deepened, it became a trance;—that strange trance that sometimes falls upon the victim in the midst of his sufferings, held Ishmael's faculties in abeyance and deadened his sense of pain.

And indeed the same spell, though with less force, acted upon all the party in that carriage. Its mood was expectant, excited, yet dream-like. There was scarcely any conversation. There seldom is under such circumstances. Once the judge inquired:

"Bee, my dear, how is it that you are not one of Claudia's bride's-maids?"

"I did not wish to be, and Claudia was so kind as to excuse me," Beatrice replied.

"But why not, my love? I thought young ladies always liked to fill such positions."

Bee blushed and lowered her head, but did not reply.

Claudia answered for her:

"Beatrice does not like Lord Vincent; and does not approve of the marriage," she said, defiantly.

"Humph!" exclaimed the judge, and not another word was spoken during the drive.

It was a rather long one. The church selected for the performance of the marriage rites being St. John's at the West End of the town, where the bridegroom and his friends were to meet the bride and her attendants.

They reached the church at last; the other carriages arrived a few seconds after them, and the whole party alighted and went in.

The bridegroom and his friends were already there. And the bridal procession formed and went up the middle aisle to the altar, where the bishop in his sacerdotal robes stood ready to perform the ceremony.

The bridal party formed before the altar, the bishop opened the book, and the ceremony commenced. It proceeded according to the ritual, and without the slightest deviation from commonplace routine.

When the bishop came to that part of the rites in which he utters the awful adjuration—"I require and charge you both, as ye shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured, that if any persons are joined together, otherwise than God's Word doth allow, their marriage is not lawful,"—Bee, who was standing with her mother and father near the bridal circle, looked up at the bride.

Oh! could Claudia, loving another, loathing the bridegroom, kneel in that sacred church, before that holy altar, in the presence of God's minister, in the presence of God himself, hear that solemn adjuration, and persevere in her awful sin?

Yes, Claudia could! as tens of thousands, from ignorance, from insensibility, or from recklessness, have done before her; and as tens of thousands more, from the same causes, will do after her!

The ceremony proceeded until it reached the part where the ring is placed upon the bride's finger, and all went well enough until, as they were rising from the prayer of "Our Father," the bride happened to lower her hand, and the ring, which was too large for her finger, dropped off, and rolled away, and passed out of sight.

The ceremony ended, and the ring was sought for; but could not be found then; and, I may as well tell you now, it has not been found yet.

Seeing at length that their search was quite fruitless, the gentlemen of the bridal train reluctantly gave up the ring for lost, and the whole party filed into the chancel, to enter their names in the register, that lay for this purpose on the communion table.

The bridegroom first approached and wrote his. It was a prolonged and sonorous roll of names, such as frequently compose the tail of a nobleman's title:

Malcolm–Victor–Stuart–Douglass–Gordon–Dugald, Viscount Vincent.

Then the bride signed hers, and the witnesses theirs.

When Mr. Brudenell came to sign his own name as one of the witnesses, he happened to glance at the bridegroom's long train of names. He read them over with a smile at their length, but his eye fastened upon the last one—"Dugald," "Dugald," "Dugald?" Herman Brudenell, like the immortal Burton, thought he had "heard that name before," in fact, was sure he had "heard that name before!" Yes, verily; he had heard it in connection with his sister's fatal flight, in which a certain Captain Dugald had been her companion! And he resolved to make cautious inquiries of the viscount. He had known Lord Vincent on the Continent, but he had either never happened to hear what his family name was, or if he had chanced to do so, he had forgotten the circumstance. At all events, it was not until the instant in which he read the viscount's signature in the register that he discovered the family name of Lord Vincent and the disreputable name of Eleanor Brudenell's unprincipled lover to be the same.

But this was no time for brooding over the subject! He affixed his own signature, which was the last one on the list, and then joined the bridal party, who were now leaving the church.

At the door a signal change took place in the order of the procession.

Lord Vincent, with a courtesy as earnest and a smile as beaming as gallantry and the occasion required, handed his bride into his own carriage.

Judge Merlin, Ishmael and Beatrice rode together.

And others returned in the order in which they had come.

Ishmael was coming out of that strange, benumbed state that had deadened for a while all his sense of suffering—coming back to a consciousness of utter bereavement and insupportable anguish—anguish written in such awful characters upon his pallid and writhen brow, that Beatrice and her uncle exchanged glances of wonder and alarm.

But Ishmael, in his fixed agony, did not perceive the looks of anxiety they turned towards him—did not even perceive the passage of time or space, until they arrived at home again, and the wedding guests began to alight from the carriages.

The party temporarily separated in the hall, the ladies dispersing each to her own chamber to make some trifling change in her toilet before appearing in the drawing-room.

"Ishmael, come here, my dear lad," said the judge, as soon as they were left alone.

Ishmael mechanically followed him to the little breakfast parlor of the family, where on the sideboard sat decanters of brandy and wine, and pitchers of water, and glasses of all shapes and sizes.

He poured out two glasses of brandy—one for himself and one for Ishmael.

"Let us drink the health of the newly married couple," he said, pushing one glass towards Ishmael, and raising the other to his own lips.

But Ishmael hesitated, and poured out a tumbler of pure water, saying, in a faint voice:

"I will drink her health in this!"

"Nonsense! put it down. You are chilled enough without drinking that to throw you into an ague! Drink something warm and strong, boy! drink something warm and strong! I tell you, I, for one, can not get through this day without some such support as this," said the judge, authoritatively, as he took from the young man's nerveless hand the harmless glass of water, and put into it the perilous glass of brandy.

For ah! good men do wicked things sometimes, and wise men foolish ones.

Still Ishmael hesitated; for even in the midst of his great trouble he heard the "still, small voice" of some good angel—it might have been his mother's spirit—whispering him to dash from his lips the circean draught, that would indeed allay his sense of suffering for a few minutes, but might endanger his character through all his life and his soul through all eternity. The voice that whispered this, as I said, was a "still, small voice," speaking softly within him. But the voice of the judge was bluff and hearty, and he stood there, a visible presence, enforcing his advice with strength of action.

And Ishmael, scarcely well assured of what he did put the glass to his lips and quaffed the contents and felt at once falsely exhilarated.

"Come, now! We will go into the drawing-room! I dare say they are all down by this time," said the judge. And in they went.

He was right in his conjecture; the wedding guests were all assembled there.

And soon after his entrance the sliding doors between the drawing-room and the dining-room were pushed back, and Devizac, who was the presiding genius of the wedding feast, appeared and announced that breakfast was served.

The company filed in—the bride and bridegroom walking together, and followed by the bride's maids and the gentlemen of the party.

Ishmael gave his arm to Beatrice. Mr. Brudenell conducted Mrs. Middleton, and the judge led one of the lady guests.

The scene they entered upon was one of splendor, beauty, and luxury, never surpassed even by the great Vourienne and Devizac themselves! Painting, gilding and flowers had not been spared. The walls were covered with frescoes of Venus, Psyche, Cupid, the graces and the muses, seen among the rosy bowers and shady groves of Arcadia. The ceiling was covered with celestial scenery in the midst of which was seen the cloudy court of Jupiter and Juno and their attendant gods and goddesses; the pillars were covered with gilding and twined with flowers; and long wreaths of flowers connected one pillar with another, and festooned the door ways and windows and the corners of the room.

The breakfast table was a marvel of art—blazing with gold plate, blooming with beautiful and fragrant exotics and intoxicating with the aroma of the richest and rarest viands.

At the upper end of the room a temporary raised and gilded balcony wreathed with roses, was occupied by Dureezies' celebrated band, who as the company came in, struck up an inspiring bridal march composed expressly for this occasion.

The wedding party took their seats at the table and the feasting began. *The viands were carved and served and praised. The bride's cake was cut and the slices distributed. The ring fell to one of the bride's maids, and provoked the usual badinage. The wine circulated freely.*

Mr. Middleton arose and in a neat little speech proposed the fair bride's health, which proposal was hailed with enthusiasm.

Judge Merlin, in another little speech, returned thanks to the company and begged leave to propose the bridegroom's health, which was duly honored.

Then it was Lord Vincent's turn to rise and express his gratitude and propose Judge Merlin's health.

This necessitated a second rising of the judge, who after making due acknowledgments of the compliment paid him, proposed—the fair bride's maids.

And so the breakfast proceeded.

They sat at table an hour, and then at a signal from Mrs. Middleton, all arose.

The gentlemen adjourned to the little breakfast parlor to drink a parting glass with their host in something stronger than the light French breakfast wines they had been quaffing so freely.

And the bride followed by all her attendants went up to her room to change her bridal robe and veil for her travelling dress and bonnet; as the pair were to take the one o'clock train to Baltimore en route for New York, Niagara and the Lakes.

She found her dressing-room all restored to the dreary good order that spoke of abandonment. Her rich dresses and jewels and bridal presents were all packed up. And every trunk was locked and corded and ready for transportation to the railway station, except one large trunk that stood open, with its upper tray waiting for the bridal dress she was about to put off.

Ruth, who had been very busy with all this packing, while the wedding party were at church and at breakfast, now stood with the brown silk dress and mantle that was to be Claudia's travelling costume, laid over her arm.

Claudia, assisted by Mrs. Middleton, changed her dress with the feverish haste of one who longed to get a painful ordeal over; and while Ruth hastily packed away the wedding finery and closed the last trunk, Claudia tied on her brown silk bonnet and drew on her gloves and expressed herself ready to depart.

They went down stairs to the drawing-room where all the wedding guests were once more gathered to see the young pair off.

There was no time to lose, and so all her friends gathered around the bride to receive her adieux and to express their good wishes.

One by one she bade them farewell.

When she came to her cousin, Bee burst into tears and whispered:

"God forgive you, poor Claudia! God avert from you all evil consequences of your own act!"

She caught her breath, wrung Bee's hand and turned away, and looked around. She had taken leave of all except her father and Ishmael!

Her father, she knew would accompany her as far as the railway station, for he had said as much.

But there was Ishmael!

As she went up to him slowly and fearfully every vein and artery in her body seemed to throb with the agony of her heart. She tried to speak; but could utter no articulate sound. She held out her hand; but he did not take it; then she lifted her beautiful eyes to his, with a glance so helpless, so anguished, so imploring, as if silently praying from him some kind word, before she should go, that Ishmael's generous heart was melted and he took her hand and pressing it while he spoke, said in low and fervent tones:

"God bless you, Lady Vincent. God shield

you from all evil! God save you in every crisis of your life!"

And she bowed her head, lowly and humbly to receive this benediction as though it had been uttered by an authorized minister of God.

CHAPTER LXVII.

BEE'S HANDKERCHIEF.

"I would bend my spirit o'er you."
"I am humbled, who was humble!
Friend! I bow my head before you!"
E. B. BROWNING.

But a mist fell before Ishmael's eyes, and when it cleared away Claudia was gone.

The young bride's maids were chattering gaily, in a low, melodious tone, with each other, and with the gentlemen of the party, filling the room with a musical hum of many happy voices.

But all this seemed unreal and dreadful, like the illusions of troubled sleep. And so Ishmael left the drawing-room and went up into the office, to see if perhaps he could find real life there.

There lay the parcels of papers tied up with red tape, the open books that he had consulted the day before, and the letters that had come by the morning's mail.

He sat down wearily to the table, and began to open his letters. One by one he read and laid them aside. One important letter, bearing upon a case he had on hand, he laid by itself.

Then rising, he gathered up his documents, put them into his pocket, took his hat and gloves and went to the City Hall.

This day of suffering, like all other days, was a day of duties also.

It was now one o'clock, the hour at which the train started which carried Claudia away.

It was also the hour at which a case was appointed to be heard before the Judge of the Orphan's Court—a case in which the guardianship of certain fatherless and motherless children was disputed between a grandmother and an uncle, and in which Ishmael was counsel for the plaintiff.

He appeared in court, punctually to the minute, found his client waiting for him there, and as soon as the judge had taken his seat, the young counsel opened the case. By a strong effort of will, he wrested his thoughts from his own great sorrow, and engaged them in the interests of the anxious old lady, who was striving for the possession of her grand-children only from the love she bore them and their mother, her own dead daughter; while her opponent only wished to have the management of their large fortune.

It was Nature that pleaded through the lips of the eloquent young counsel, and he gained this case, also.

But he was ill in mind and body. He could scarcely bear the thanks and congratulations of his client and her friends.

The old lady had retained him by one large fee, and now she placed another and a larger one in his hands; but he could not have told whether the single bank-note was for five dollars or five hundred, as he mechanically received it and placed it in his pocket-book.

And then, with the courteous bow and smile, never omitted, because they were natural and habitual, he turned and left the court-room.

"What is the matter with Worth?" inquired one lawyer.

"Can't imagine; he looks very ill; shouldn't wonder if he was going to have a congestion of the brain. It looks like it. He works too hard," replied another.

Old Wiseman, the law-thunderer, who had been the counsel opposed to Ishmael in this last case, and who, in fact, was always *professionally opposed to him, but, nevertheless, personally friendly towards him*, had also noticed his pale, haggard and distracted looks, and now hurried after him in the fear that he should fall before reaching home.

He overtook Ishmael in the lobby. The young man was standing leaning on the balustrades at the head of the stairs, as if unable to take another step.

Wiseman bent over him.

"Worth, my dear fellow, what is the matter with you? Does it half kill you to overthrow me at law?"

"I—fear that I am not well," replied Ishmael, in a hollow voice, and with a haggard smile.

"What is it? Only exhaustion, I hope? You have been working too hard, and you never even left the court room to take any refreshments to-day! You are too much in earnest, my young friend! You take too much pains! You apply yourself too closely. Why, bless my life, you could floor us all any day with half the trouble! But you must always use a trip-hammer to drive tin-tacks! Take my arm, and let us go and get something."

And the stout lawyer drew the young man's arm within his own, and led him to a restaurant that was kept on the same floor for the convenience of the courts and their officers, and other habitues of the City Hall.

Wiseman called for the best old Otard brandy, and poured out half a tumbler full, and offered it to Ishmael. It was a dose that might have been swallowed with impunity by a seasoned old toper like Wiseman; but certainly not by an abstinent young man like Ishmael, who, yielding to the fatal impulse to get rid of present suffering by any means, at any cost, or any risk, took the tumbler and swallowed the brandy.

Ah! heaven have mercy on the sorely-tried and tempted!

This was only the third glass of alcoholic stimulants that Ishmael had ever taken, in the whole course of his life.

On the first occasion, the day of Claudia's betrothal, the glass had been placed in his hand, and urged upon his acceptance by his honored old friend, Judge Merlin.

On the second occasion, the morning of this day, of Claudia's marriage, the glass had also been offered him by Judge Merlin.

And on the third occasion, this afternoon of the terrible day of trial and suffering, it was placed to his lips by the respectable old lawyer, Wiseman.

Alas! alas!

On the first occasion, Ishmael had protested long before he yielded; on the second he had hesitated a little while; but on the third, he took the offered glass and drank the brandy without an instant's doubt or pause.

Lord be pitiful!

And oh, Nora! fly down from Heaven on wings of love, and watch over your son and save him—from his friends!—lest he fall into deeper depths than any from which he has so nobly struggled forth. For he is suffering, tempted and human! And there never lived but one perfect man, and he was the Son of God!

"Well?" said old Wiseman as he received the glass from Ishmael's hand and sat it down.

"I thank you; it has done me good; I feel much better; you are very kind," said Ishmael.

"I wish you would really think so, and go into partnership with me; my business is very heavy; much more than I can manage alone, now that I am growing old and stout; and I must have somebody, and I would rather have you than any one else. You would succeed to the whole business after my death, you know."

"Thank you; your offer is very flattering. I will think it over, and talk with you on some future occasion. Now I feel that I must return home, while I have strength to do so," replied Ishmael.

"Very well, then, my dear fellow, I will let you off."

And they shook hands and parted.

Ishmael, feeling soothed, strengthened, and exhilarated, set off to walk home. But this feeling gradually passed off, giving place to a weakness, heaviness and feverishness, that warned him he was in no state to appear at Judge Merlin's dinner-table.

So when he approached the house, he opened a little side gate leading into the back grounds, and strayed into the shrubbery, feeling every minute more feverish, heavy and drowsy.

At last he strayed into an arbor, quite at the bottom of the shrubberies, where he sank down upon the circular bench and fell into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile up at the house, changes had taken place. The wedding guests had all departed. The festive garments had been laid away. The decorated dining-room had been shut up. The household had returned to its usual sober aspect, and the plain family dinner was laid in the little breakfast parlor. But the house was very sad and silent and lonely because its queen was gone. At the usual dinner-hour, six o'clock, the family assembled at the table.

"Where is Ishmael, uncle?" inquired Beatrice.

"I do not know, my dear," replied the judge, whose heart was sore with the wrench that had torn his daughter from him.

"Do you, papa?"

"No, dear."

"Mamma, have you seen Ishmael since the morning?"

"No, child."

"Nor you, Walter?"

"Nor I, Bee."

Mr. Brudenell looked up at the fair young creature, who took thought of his absent son, and volunteered to say:

"He had a case before the Orphan's Court, to-day, I believe. But the court is adjourned, I know, because I met the judge an hour ago at the Capitol; so I suppose he will be here soon."

Bee bowed in acknowledgment of this information but she did not feel at all re-assured. She had noticed Ishmael's dreadful pallor that morning; she felt how much he suffered, and she feared some evil consequences; though her worst suspicions never touched the truth.

"Uncle," she said, blushing deeply to be obliged still to betray her interest in one whom she was forced to remember, because every one else forgot him—"Uncle, had we not better send Powers up to Ishmael's room to see if he has come in and let him know that dinner is on the table?"

"Certainly, my dear; go, Powers, and if Mr. Worth is in his room, let him know that dinner is ready."

Powers went, but soon returned with the information that Mr. Worth was neither in his room nor in the office, nor anywhere else in the house.

"Some professional business has detained him, he will be home after a while," said the judge.

But Bee was anxious, and when dinner was over she went up stairs to a window that overlooked the avenue, and watched; but, of course, in vain. Then, with the restlessness common to intense anxiety, she came down, and went into the shrubbery to walk. She paced about very uneasily until she had tired herself and then turned towards a secluded arbor at the bottom of the grounds to rest herself. She put aside the vines that overhung the door-way and entered.

What did she see?

Ishmael extended upon the bench, with the late afternoon sun streaming through a crevice in the arbor, shining full upon his face, which was also plagued with flies!

She had found him then, but how?

At first she thought he was only sleeping; and she was about to withdraw from the arbor, when the sound of his breathing caught her ear and alarmed her, and she crept back and cautiously approached and looked over him.

His face was deeply flushed; the veins of his temples were swollen; and his breathing was heavy and labored. In her fright Bee caught up his hand and felt his pulse. It was full, hard and slowly throbbing. She thought that he was very ill—dangerously ill, and she was about to spring up and rush to the house for help, when, in raising her head, she happened to catch his breath.

And all the dreadful truth burst upon Bee's mind, and overwhelmed her with mortification and despair!

With a sudden gasp and a low wail, she sank on her knees at his side and dropped her head in her open hands and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, Ishmael! Ishmael, is it so? Have I lived to see you thus? Can a woman reduce a man to this? A proud and selfish woman have such power so to mar God's noblest work? Oh, Ishmael, my love! my love! I love you better than I love all the world besides! And I love you better than any one else ever did or ever can; yet, yet, I would rather see you stark dead before me than to see you thus! Oh, Heaven! Oh, Saviour! Oh, Father of Mercies have pity on him and save him!" she cried.

And she wrung her hands and bent her head to look at him more closely and her large tears dropped upon his face!

He stirred, opened his eyes, rolled them heavily, became half conscious of some one weeping over him, turned clumsily and relapsed into insensibility.

At his first motion Bee had sprung up and fled from the arbor, at the door of which she stood, with throbbing heart, watching him, through the vines. She saw that he had again fallen into that deep and comatose sleep. And she saw that his flushed and fevered face was more than ever exposed to the rays of the sun and the plague of the flies. And she crept cautiously back again, and drew her handkerchief from her pocket and laid it over his face, and turned and hurried, broken-spirited, from the spot.

She gained her own room and threw herself into her chair in a passion of tears and sobs.

Nothing that had ever happened in all her young life had ever grieved her anything like this. She had loved Ishmael with all her heart, and she knew that Ishmael loved Claudia with all of his; but the knowledge of this fact had never brought to her the bitter sorrow that the sight of Ishmael's condition had smitten her with this afternoon. For there was scarcely purer love among the angels in Heaven than was that of Beatrice for Ishmael. First of all she desired his good; next his affection; next his presence; but there was scarcely selfishness enough in Bee's beautiful nature to wish to possess him all for her own.

First his good! And here, weeping, sobbing and praying by turns, she resolved to devote herself to that object; to do all that she possibly could to shield him from the suspicion of this night's event; and to save him from falling into a similar misfortune.

She remained in her own room until tea-time, and then bathed her eyes, and smoothed her hair, and went down to join the family at the table.

"Well, Bee," said the judge, "have you found Ishmael yet?"

Bee hesitated, blushed, reflected a moment, and then answered:

"Yes, uncle; he is sleeping; he is not well; and I would not have him disturbed if I were you; for sleep will do him more good than anything else."

"Certainly. Why, Bee, did you ever know me to have anybody waked up in the whole course of my life? Powers, and the rest of you, hark ye: Let no one call Mr. Worth! Let him sleep until the last trump sounds, or until he wakes up of his own accord!"

Powers bowed, and said he would see the order observed.

Soon after tea was over, the family, fatigued with the day's excitement, retired to bed.

Bee went up to her room in the back attic; but she did not go to bed, or even undress, for she knew that Ishmael was locked out; and so she threw a light shawl around her, and seated herself at the open back window, which from its high point of view commanded every nook and cranny of the back grounds, to watch until Ishmael should wake up and approach the house, so that she might go down and admit him quietly, without disturbing the servants and exciting their curiosity and conjectures. No one should know of Ishmael's misfortune, for she would not call it fault, if any vigilance of hers could shield him. All through the still evening, all through the deep midnight, Bee sat and watched.

When Ishmael had fallen asleep, the sun was still high above the Western horizon; but when he awoke, the stars were shining.

He raised himself to a sitting posture, and looked around him, utterly bewildered, and unable to collect his scattered faculties, or to remember where he was, or how he came there, or what had occurred, or who he himself really was—so deathlike had been his sleep.

He had no headache—his previous habits had been too regular, his blood was too pure, and the brandy was too good for that. He was simply bewildered, but utterly bewildered, as though he had waked up in another world.

He was conscious of a weight upon his heart, but could not remember the cause of it; and whether it was grief or remorse, or both, he could not tell. He feared that it was both.

Gradually memory and misery returned to him: the dreadful day; the marriage; the feast; the parting; the law-suit; the two glasses of brandy, and their mortifying consequences! All the events of that day lay clearly before him now! that horrible day, begun in unutterable sorrow, and ended in humiliating sin!

Was it himself, Ishmael Worth, who had suffered this sorrow, yielded to this temptation, and fallen into this sin? To what had his inordinate earthly affections brought him? He was no longer 'the chevalier without fear and without reproach!' He had fallen, fallen, fallen!

He remembered that when he had sunk to sleep the sun was shining and smiling all over the beautiful garden, and that even in his half drowsy state he had noticed its glory. The sun was gone now! It had set upon his humiliating weakness! The day had given up the record of his sin and passed away forever! The day would return no more to reproach him; but its record would meet him in the judgment!

He remembered that once in his deep sleep he had half awakened and found what seemed a weeping angel bending over him, and that he had tried to rouse himself to speak; but in the effort he had only turned over and tumbled into a deeper oblivion than ever.

Who was that pitying angel visitant?

The answer came like a shock of electricity. It was Bee! Who else should it have been? It was Bee! She had sought him out when he was lost; she had found him in his weakness; she had dropped tears of love and sorrow over him.

At that thought new shame, new grief, new remorse swept in upon his soul.

He sprang upon his feet, and in doing so dropt a little white drift upon the ground. He stooped and picked it up.

It was the fine white handkerchief that on first waking up he had plucked from his face. And he knew by its soft thin feeling and its delicate scent of violets, Bee's favorite perfume, that it was her handkerchief and she had spread it as a veil over his exposed and feverish face. That little wisp of cambric was redolent of Bee! of her presence, her purity, her tenderness.

It seemed a mere trifle; but it touched the deepest springs of his heart, and, holding it in both his hands, he bowed his humbled head upon it and wept.

When a man like Ishmael weeps it is in no gentle summer shower, I assure you; but as the breaking up of great fountains, the rushing of mighty torrents, the coming of a flood.

He wept long and convulsively. And his deluge of tears relieved his surcharged heart and brain and did him good. He breathed more freely; he wiped his face with this dear handkerchief, and then, all dripping wet with tears as it was, he pressed it to his lips and placed it in his bosom, over his heart, and registered a solemn vow in Heaven that this first fault of his life should also, with God's help, be his last.

Then he walked forth into the starlit garden, murmuring to himself:

"By a woman came sin and death into the world, and by a woman came redemption and salvation. Oh, Claudia, my Eve! farewell! farewell! And Bee, my Mary, hail!"

The holy stars no longer looked down reproachfully upon him; the harmless, little insect-choristers no longer mocked him; love and forgiveness beamed down from the pure light of the first, and cheering hope sounded in the gleeful songs of the last.

Ishmael walked up the gravel-walk between the shrubbery and the house. Once, when his face was towards the house, he looked up at Bee's back window. It was open, and he saw a white, shadowy figure just within it.

Was it Bee?

His heart assured him that it was; and that anxiety for him had kept her there awake and watching.

As he drew near the house, quite uncertain as to how he should get in, he saw that the shadowy, white figure disappeared from the window; and when he went up to the back door, with the intention of rapping loudly until he should wake up the servants and gain admission, his purpose was forestalled, by the door being softly opened by Bee, who stood with a shaded taper behind it.

"Oh, Bee!"

"Oh, Ishmael!"

Both spoke at once, and in a tone of irrepressible emotion.

"Come in, Ishmael," she next said, kindly.

"You know, Bee?" he asked, sadly, as he entered.

"Yes, Ishmael! Forgive me for knowing, for it prevented others finding out! And your secret could not rest safer, or with a truer heart than mine."

"I know it, dear Bee! dear sister, I know it. And, Bee! Listen! That glass of brandy was only the third of any sort of spirituous liquor that I ever tasted in my life! And I solemnly swear in the presence of Heaven and before you that it shall be the very last! Never, no, never, even as a medicine, will I place the fatal poison to my lips again!"

"I believe you, Ishmael! And I am very happy! Thank God!" she said, giving him her hand.

"Dear Bee! Holy angel! I am scarcely worthy to touch it," he said, bowing humbly and reverently over that little white hand.

"'There shall be more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.' Good-night, Ishmael," said Bee, sweetly, as she put the taper in his hand and glided like a spirit from his presence.

She was soon sleeping beside her baby-sister.

And Ishmael went up stairs to bed. And the troubled night closed in peace.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A SPANISH BRIGAND.

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I had been travelling for several months through Spain, visiting various places of note, and at length found myself at Almaden, on my way to the grottoes of the Sierra Morena. At this place I fell in with a gay, dashing cavalier, who represented himself as a young nobleman of fortune in pursuit of pleasure. We first met at the principal *fonda*, or hotel, of the village; and, as sometimes happens with strangers, there was, or seemed to be, a mutual fascination. It was real at least on my part, and if it was not on his, I certainly did not know it then. I was young, impressible, enthusiastic and inexperienced, and knew a good deal less about the wiles of human nature than I do now.

Don Rafael Baptista de la Grillèra, as my new acquaintance styled himself, was a very handsome man, with black eyes and hair, a highly intellectual face, and winning manners. He was my senior by five years, being about eight and twenty; and as I fancied his appearance, and he made the first advances, we were soon on the best of terms, and in less than an hour I had set Don Rafael down as one of the best fellows I had ever met, and thanked my stars for having thrown such a congenial companion in my way in a land of strangers.

"I scarcely need ask if you are a gentleman of fortune," he remarked, in the course of conversation; "for I see you here, like myself, travelling for pleasure, and your whole manner denotes that you were bred in the best society."

"I do not wish to boast," I replied, feeling highly flattered by such intuitive appreciation; "but as I trust, with you, we may now become, and always remain, the best of friends, perhaps I shall be justified in saying I am the third son of Lord Reesdale, a nobleman of considerable political influence; and though I may never succeed to the title of my father, I have a settled annuity, which leaves me quite free and independent."

"I knew it!" he rejoined, with considerable fervor; "I knew it, Señor! there is no mistaking blood! My father is also a nobleman, who has no little influence at court. I expect to succeed to his titles, sooner or later; and then I intend to get married and settle down to a steady life; but, in the meantime, I am for whatever pleasure I can find. I have travelled a good deal in Spain, but never out of it, and I sometimes have the thought of going abroad. May I venture to ask when you think of returning to your glorious isle?"

"In the course of two or three months, probably."

"Ah, Señor—by-the-by, you have not given me the pleasure of addressing you by name!"

"Charles Larkland, at your service."

"A fine name, truly, and sounds of the nobility. With your permission, I will call you Don Carlos, and you shall call me Don Rafael. And now for a special favor! May I venture to hope you will accept me for a travelling companion during the remainder of your stay in this country, and permit me to accompany you on your return to England?"

"My dear Don Rafael," cried I, enthusiastically grasping his hand, "it is you who will confer a great favor on me by doing what you propose!"

I think I have said enough of our first acquaintance, and the almost fulsome flattery I swallowed. In the course of a week we had both purchased horses for ourselves and servants, and, with a guide to show the way, were off for the mountains. We were all, even to the guide, well armed with pistols and poniards, for we had heard much of the brigands of this region, and we had all vowed, if assailed, to give them a warm reception.

"They are in general a cowardly set of fellows, I am told," said Don Rafael, "and will not attack a resolute, well-armed party, if they know it beforehand, even though the latter be greatly inferior in numbers—and, in any event, will scatter and fly on finding a firm resistance."

As he was a Spaniard himself, and might be supposed to know a good deal more of all classes of his countrymen than a foreign stranger, it was not for me to venture a different opinion, had I even entertained one; but the truth is, I gave the matter little thought, feeling satisfied that, as he had as much to risk as myself, he would not lightly or foolishly put his own life in jeopardy.

On the third day, a little past noon, as we were slowly making our way through a long, gloomy defile of the mountains, a clear, strong voice rung out alone above us:

"Halt! throw down your arms and surrender, or you are dead men!"

I looked up, and, upon a ledge of rocks, nearly over my head, beheld a gayly and fancifully dressed man, decorated with streaming ribbons of different colors, with a drooping feather in his high, conical hat, leaning gracefully against the trunk of a tree, with one hand resting on his carbine, and surveying us with an easy assurance that certainly bespoke nothing of doubt and fear.

"To whom shall we surrender, most mighty one?" said Don Rafael, with mock politeness.

"To the lord of these mountains—Señor Carrásco!" was the answer, proudly spoken.

"Holy saints!" exclaimed my companion, with a start, while our guide and servants were seen to tremble with fear at the mention of that name.

"What is the matter?" I demanded.

"Ave, Maria, Purissima!" ejaculated Don Rafael; "we are caught; Carrásco is the most noted bandit in Spain. I fear resistance will be useless against him. What is to be done, Don Carlos?"

"We agreed to fight if attacked," said I, not particularly relishing the idea of tamely yielding myself a prisoner to a band of outlaws.

"Look at those wretches!" said Don Rafael, pointing to our servants and guide, who were already in the act of dismounting: "the name of Carrásco terrifies them; they will make no resistance; and what are you and I against fifty or a hundred men?"

"Is the band that formidable?" I inquired, with some trepidation. "I see only one man."

As if in answer to my question, the man on the ledge now sounded a sharp, shrill whistle; and ere its echoes died away, some twenty or thirty fierce-looking fellows sprung into view, before and behind us.

"You see!" said Don Rafael, gloomily; "there is no hope!"

"Will they murder us?" I asked, with a shudder.

"No, I do not fear anything quite so bad as that; but rather that we shall be held prisoners till we pay our ransom."

"I hope they will not make mine very heavy then, or I shall not be able to pay it."

"It will not rest with you."

"How so?"

"They will rob you of what you have, and you will have to look to your friends for the ransom money."

"But I have not a friend in Spain, except perhaps your worthy self."

"You have in England."

"And shall I be compelled to remain a captive to such a vile band of thieves and cut-throats till I can send there for aid and get a return?" cried I, horrified at the thought.

"I do not know, Don Carlos," sighed my friend; "I merely throw out the hint, for such things have been done with foreigners before now."

"But they will not know that I am rich and the son of a nobleman."

"Perhaps not, but be not too sure of it, for the cunning rogues have their spies out everywhere. Even our guide and servants may be in league with them for aught we know."

"If I knew that, I would at least blow out their brains and put an end to their treachery!" said I.

"Better take things calmly and philosophically, Don Carlos—it may not be so bad as it looks. Besides, if my own ransom is not fixed at too high a figure, I may be able to assist you."

"Oh, thanks, my best and kindest of friends!" cried I, grasping his hands, with tearful eyes.

The robbers, who had sprung into the defile before and behind us, thus completely cutting off all chance of escape, now began to close in on us, with their carabines levelled, ready to shoot us down should we attempt resistance.

"Surrender!" cried the voice of the chief, who still remained on the ledge above us.

Our guide and servants now drew their pistols and poniards, threw them down on the ground before them, and then prostrated themselves, in token of complete and abject submission. Don Rafael seemed to hesitate, but only for a moment, and then threw down his weapons also. What was left for me but to follow suit! which I did.

Our weapons having been collected by the freebooters, they took possession of our horses, and marched us up the defile about two hundred yards, and then turned up a steep acclivity to the left. We ascended a rough, dangerous mountain path for some two miles, and then came to an immense cavern, where the whole party seemed to reside, the interior having the appearance of a regular camp. Our horses were not brought hither, however, and we were told that this was only one branch of the organization, which altogether numbered over a thousand men.

After, as Don Rafael had suggested, we had been robbed of everything but our clothes, our guide servants were set at liberty, under a solemn oath never to reveal aught they had seen, on pain of death, and we were told that we should be held at ransom in the sum of ten thousand dollars each.

"Alas, my friend," said Don Rafael, "I cannot assist you! it will take all my ready means to save myself."

"And how am I to send to England and get such a sum?" I gloomily asked.

"If I can get paroled, I will take charge of your business for you, my friend. If writing home will answer your purpose, you can have the amount consigned to me at Cadiz, and I will see that it is duly paid over and your person released."

I was grateful for even this service; and as the order came the next day to parole my friend, I wrote a letter to my father, stating I was held a prisoner among the mountains, (my captors would not permit any particulars whatever,) and that unless ten thousand dollars were immediately sent to my friend and travelling companion, Don Rafael Baptista de la Grillèra, at Cadiz, I should have to suffer death.

My friend took an affectionate leave of me, and it was months before I saw him again, and then he came to say that the money had been procured and paid over to the bandit chief and I was free. I threw my arms around his neck and wept for joy.

"Poor fellow!" he sighed; "how you have suffered! Have you been badly treated?"

"No," I answered, "I cannot complain of the treatment, otherwise than the confinement. Liberty is what I have sighed for."

"And that, blessed be the Virgin! you now have," he rejoined.

He said, after getting his own release, he had hastened my affairs as much as possible, and was now happy in presenting me a pass that would ever protect me against any further interruption or extortion from any of Carrásco's powerful band. Also, he was empowered to give me money enough to defray my expenses back to my native land.

I inquired if he had seen the chief, how he looked, and expressed a desire to see him myself.

"You will be gratified, then," replied Don Rafael, "for he has resolved to take leave of so worthy a guest to-morrow in person."

The next day, accompanied by a small guard, I bade adieu to my robber home, and was escorted down the mountain attended by my friend. At a point where we struck the main road to the next village Don Rafael ordered a halt, and, taking me affectionately by the hand, said:

"My dear fellow, I am about to quit you here, and it may be we shall never meet again."

"You!" I cried, in astonishment.

"Yes! You see I have business elsewhere of more importance than wandering over the country with a self-conceited sprig of nobility."

Heavens! this from my friend, Don Rafael? Did my ears deceive me? I was dumb with amazement.

"You are astonished, I see; but I shall astonish you still more; for though you are not too remotely removed from a fool, you still have sense enough, I think, to appreciate the ridiculous. Go home, vain, boasting Englishman! and when you speak of your travels on the Peninsula, forget not to mention you were honored with the companionship of a robber chief that despised you. You have wished to see Señor Carrásco. You have paid your money and have a right. *I am he!* Do you understand the whole plot now? Farewell!"

He waved his hand, turned to his followers, and quickly disappeared, leaving me standing in the road the most astounded, mortified, crest-fallen piece of humanity in the world! Yes, I did understand the whole plot, and it taught me a valuable lesson. I have never swallowed a stranger whole since.

How I got to the village I do not remember; but from there I took the most direct route out of Spain, and have never been in it since.

—Love is like a hunter, who cares not for the game when once caught, which he may have pursued with the most intense and breathless eagerness. Love is strongest in pursuit; friendship in possession.

UNDINE

BY JOHN RUTLEDGE FITZ-HENRI.

Undine, of the mournful eyes!
 What is thy sad gaze on, sad one.
Why wand'rest 'neath the ev'ning skies?
 Why ling'rest by the sunken sun?
Each hue is fled that ev'ning wore,
 In deep'ning shadows heaves the sea—
Its black waves breaking on the shore,
 Breathe on the sad ear mournfully.

The whisp'ring of the lonely trees,
 Their dark arms 'gainst the darkened sky,
Or waving in the fitful breeze,
 Or swelling loud or murmuring die.
Pale one! thou fill'st my soul with fears;
 What sorrow on thy heart can prey?
Why are thine eyes suffused with tears
 In musing by the twilight grey?

What is that thought upon thy soul?
 Can it be love who thus could fling
This cloud, this pall—could leave this shoal
 Mid all thy sweet heart's murmuring?
Or is it some deep thought and cold,
 Too deep, too cold, too wise for thee?
Like such the watching sages hold
 In visions by the midnight sea.

I'd mourn to think that life had taught
 Such lessons to a heart so young;
And like a chain, some icy thought
 Had round thy spring-like being flung:
Removed for aye that glitt'ring goal,
 Circling thy sweet thoughts like a zone,
In whose deep thrall thy dreaming soul,
 Ah! brighter than the diamond shone.

I hear no more thy love's low song,
 And grief has made those eyes his own;
Thou comest late and ling'rest long,
 And mournest in the night alone.
Undine, of the deep soul eyes!
 What is thy sad gaze on, sad one?
Why wand'rest 'neath the ev'ning skies?
 Why ling'rest by the sunken sun?

WARP AND WEFT;

OR,

THE COTTON FAMINE.

A TALE OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

I blush to think what I have said—
But Fate has wrested the confession from me.
ADDISON.

The recovery of the will brought the legal proceedings on the part of Captain Bentley and his aristocratic wife to a pause. Anger had not so blinded them to their interests that they failed to perceive the vast difference between opposing an attested copy of Gilbert Haman's will and the original will itself—every line in his own handwriting and signed by witnesses, one of whom was living still. Faithful to her antecedents, the lady was the last to consent to a compromise; but sat listening with a sullen air to the arguments of her husband.

"If the will is established, Augusta," he urged, "it will be ruin, absolute ruin. Your settlements will not prove worth the parchment on which they are engrossed."

"Very fine, sir; you speak at your ease," exclaimed her ladyship. "This comes of marrying beneath my rank—allying my name with a man whose father was in trade. Are you not ashamed of yourself to have so imposed upon me? If you are not, you ought to be."

"It was not my fault, my love."

"It was your fault," interrupted his wife, angrily. "You ought not to have had such a father. I, who refused the Earl of Spindleton, [illegible] Spendacre——"

"And what settlements could they have made you?" demanded her husband, stung by her last remark. "They were all three little better than titled paupers."

"Don't be coarse, Gilbert!—that is, if you can help it. It is difficult to avoid it, I know, for blood will speak. *They were gentlemen*," added the lady, sarcastically.

"I wish to Heaven you had married one of them," muttered the captain, doggedly.

Lady Augusta regarded him very earnestly.

"I mean it," he continued. "You have driven me to tell you so by your petulance and injustice. Instead of uniting, acting with me heart and mind to protect our mutual interests, you irritate me by useless, ill-timed reproaches."

With all her aristocratic prejudices and contempt of trade, few women possessed a keener regard for their own personal interests than her ladyship. It *was* useless to irritate her husband, and for once she condescended to subdue her angry feelings, in order to calm his.

"You must confess," she observed, in an apologetic tone, "that it is very provoking."

"Will railing mend it?"

"No," replied his wife, frankly, at the same time extending her hand to him.

This was an act of unusual condescension on her part; but, to her astonishment, the gentleman affected not to notice it. He had much of his father's nature in him—his pride, as well as heartlessness; added to which, he was quite clever enough to perceive that he had gained an advantage, and wisely determined to keep it.

"It is not often that I make such a confession, sir," observed Lady Augusta, haughtily.

"We have no time to discuss that point now," replied her husband, carelessly.

Tears of anger, not wounded affection, started from the eyes of his wife.

"The lawyers are of opinion," he continued, "that my mother has a stronger motive than the one alleged for wishing to compromise the affair. Did it ever strike you such was the case?"

"Impossible to guess her motives," replied her ladyship, petulantly.

"Perhaps not. The will—for *it is the will of my grandfather*—was stolen on the night of Michael Haman's murder."

"Well?"

"One person only could have an interest in abstracting it," said the captain, speaking very slowly; "he is since dead, and the will has been recovered."

"*Your father?*"

"Hush! The suspicion must not be breathed, except between ourselves. To avoid the exposure—the infamy——"

"They will consent to act justly," exclaimed Lady Augusta, joyfully. "I perceive it all clearly—very clearly; and you were quite right to consent to this meeting."

"You think so at last?"

"Forgive my petulance, Gilbert. You know what an excitable creature I am."

This time the extended hand was not refused, and the alliance—an interested one—cemented firmer than ever between the well-matched pair.

"You must recollect," said the husband, "we have no proof."

"I understand that."

"Only surmise."

"Which leads directly to the gates of proof," replied his wife, in a tone of triumph. "If we could but have foreseen this! I fear, Gilbert, we have played our cards very badly."

"Very," said the gentleman. "Very!"

At the appointed hour the parties assembled at the chambers of Mr. Skeffington, the eminent solicitor, in the Temple. A cold salutation was all that passed between the two brothers. The first-born stood upon his dignity. To his mother he was a little more polite, but not a whit more cordial. Mrs. Bentley sighed deeply, as she turned from the freezing, unsympathetic gaze which reminded her so painfully of her late husband's.

Never had the son appeared so like his father.

Meetings between relatives, especially when worldly interests are to be discussed, resemble very much the preparations for a battle. Each side is drawn up under the leadership of its legal advisers. Each side flatters itself that its cause is a just one, and sternly resolves not to yield one single point without a struggle. As for affections! kindred ties! generous concessions! they are things to be remembered only when the victory is won, the defeat accepted, and not always then.

Worldly interests!! It is painful to think on the sacred bonds they have severed. Let the finger of Mammon but touch one ring in the chain of affection, and it is as completely broken as if a hundred links were shattered.

On the invitation of the captain's lawyer, Mr. Ashton produced the recovered will, which the learned gentleman read aloud and then handed to his client, who examined it carefully.

"*It is my grandfather's writing and signature*," said Gilbert. "I admit it, and offer my apologies for the doubt cast upon the good faith and loyalty of the executors."

"Quite satisfactory as far as I am concerned," observed the worthy manufacturer; "quite. If your mother can forgive you, I can."

"Oh, yes, willingly, very willingly," exclaimed Mrs. Bentley, nervously. "Let the past be forgotten; it is my wish and his brother's. Is it not, Frederick? Speak for me."

"Most certainly," replied her youngest son.

"Do you consent to give up the estate?" inquired Mr. Ashton.

"No," answered the captain, firmly. "After that will—whose authenticity I admit—was executed, my father became a partner in the firm, conducted it singly for many years. There is a vast amount of accounts to be gone into. In acknowledging the will, I satisfy my conscience; in opposing it *pro formâ*, I defend my interest."

"And those of his wife," added Lady Augusta.

"The first discovery of the will," continued her husband, "was singular enough. *Its loss and recovery* appear still more so. A searching legal investigation, no doubt, will make these mysteries clear. With this aim, and no hostile feeling towards my relatives, I persist in opposing probate."

"It is unnecessary, Gilbert," exclaimed his mother, rising hastily. "The ill-considered, ungenerous imputation of forgery withdrawn, everything else becomes a mere secondary consideration, and can be best arranged between ourselves."

The captain made no reply.

"The settlements of Lady Augusta shall be confirmed."

"That, of course, will be a first point in any compromise," remarked her ladyship.

"Compromise!" repeated Miss Westbury, indignantly.

Mr. Ashton bit his lips, but remained silent. The offensive charge of collusion and forgery being withdrawn, he felt that he had no right to interfere any further.

"And the estate," added Mrs. Bentley, "secured to you at my death. Forgive me, Frederick," she whispered, turning to her youngest son, "you will not reproach me; it is to save your father's memory."

"Disinherit me from all but your love," replied the noble-hearted fellow, in the same undertone, "and I am content."

If the look of proud and grateful affection his [illegible] for the generous concession, he would have been amply recompensed.

"The estate at your death?" repeated the captain, slowly, as if deliberating with himself.

"Yes."

"And how is it to be assured to me?"

"By deed of gift—will—any means you wish."

A brief consultation, conducted in an undertone, took place between the solicitor, Lady Augusta, and his client.

"It will not do, mother," said the latter; "it must be made over to me at once."

"I have no power."

"*At once*," repeated her son. "I will risk," he added, "your disputing the deed afterwards."

"Mrs. Bentley," said Mr. Ashton, "as the old friend of your father, as the executor of his will, and as your friend, I must protest against any such arrangement; it is most preposterous, exorbitant, and unnatural. You have two sons, madam."

"I am wealthy enough already," interrupted Frederick.

"I am aware of that," replied the manufacturer; "but what right has the richest heiress in Manchester to make herself a pensioner upon your bounty?—for this arrangement carried out will leave her poor as ever."

"I care not, so long as I preserve my husband's name from infamy," whispered Mrs. Bentley.

"That should be his son's thought, madam."

"It is mine," replied the widow, firmly. "Gilbert, strange, and in some degree unnatural as your demand appears, I accede to it."

A glance of triumphant satisfaction passed between the captain and his wife.

"You have frequently reproached me," continued the noble-minded woman, "with not loving you as I loved your brother. For years I strove to convince myself that this was not the case; but the conviction grew strong upon me, and I admitted to myself—but never to the world—its justice."

"I thank you, madam, for the frankness of your confession," said Gilbert.

"Your conduct this day has justified it," continued his mother. "From this hour forth your reproaches will find no echo here."

She placed her hand upon her heart as she concluded.

"They never ought to have done so, Mary," observed her aunt. "From his very childhood his affections were estranged from you."

"Perhaps it was not entirely his fault. That fearful separation in infancy. I——"

Sobs choked her further utterance. The outraged mother, wounded in the tenderest point of a mother's nature—her love—hid her face in her hands to conceal her tears.

"Better draw the deed of gift—or rather of renunciation—at once," said his solicitor to Captain Bentley.

"If you please."

"And the settlements?"

"Shall be seen to, Lady Augusta," said her legal adviser, "shall be seen to. The same act can secure both."

The pen of the learned gentleman commenced gliding rapidly over the parchment. Never in the whole course of his professional career had he felt so anxious, perhaps, to get any deed promptly and duly executed. The result was a magnificent one for his client, and must redound to his own credit in having brought it to a conclusion.

Whilst he continued writing, Miss Westbury and Mr. Ashton were vainly entreating the widow to re-consider her determination.

"It is useless," was the reply.

"Have you forgotten," exclaimed the spinster, "what we both endured from poverty?"

"No, dear aunt, nor how cheerfully you bore it."

"It is positively sinful, Mary; disgraceful."

"It is to prevent disgrace!"

"You have two sons."

"Frederick has forgiven me," replied the mother, proudly.

"No arguments, no reasoning, can shake you, Mrs. Bentley?" said the worthy manufacturer.

"None."

"In that case I have a duty and a promise to perform," replied the gentleman, ringing the bell.

The door of the office opened, and Bessie appeared, leading her aged mother.

"Mrs. Glyde!" said the widow, in a tone of surprise, at the same time offering her hand, which the conscience-stricken woman dared not take.

"Have you signed anything?" she eagerly asked.

"Nothing yet."

"Thank heaven! I am not too late, then."

"That's right, Mrs. Bentley. Don't 'ee sign! don't 'ee!" said the mother of Willie.

"Who are these persons?" demanded Lady Augusta.

The solicitor was unable to satisfy her.

"On what pretence do they intrude themselves into the discussion of our private affairs!" added her ladyship. "Do you know them, Gilbert?"

"Something of the younger one, I confess," replied her husband, sarcastically.

"And who is she, sir? Some connection of your family, no doubt."

"She is the sister of the blind man whose daughter my brother married."

Lady Augusta looked ineffably disgusted.

"And was my father's——"

"Hold!" exclaimed Bessie, turning fearfully pale; "blaspheme not against nature, even in ignorance, lest the words uttered in levity and disdain turn to a curse. Others may, and doubtless will despise me—I merit it; others may brand the word of shame upon my brow—I bow my head in submission; but not you," she added, bursting into a passionate flood of tears—"not the child I nurtured at my bosom."

"How romantic!" ejaculated her ladyship, who did not appear quite to understand the allusion.

"She was my nurse," said the captain.

"*And your mother!*" added the guilty woman.

All present thought their sense of hearing had deceived them.

"It be true enough," said the widow Hannan; "but it wor not my poor gal's fault. I thought on it fust, for my heart was bitter agin his father; and so, when his lawful, poor, sickly, infant died, we changed the childer."

"Don't 'ee be hard on her, don't 'ee, gentlemen," said the aged speaker; "do as yer like wi' me."

Bessie threw herself at the feet of Mrs. Bentley—who sat, half fainting, in her chair, supported by Frederick and her aunt—and poured forth her tale of sin and sorrow.

"You are my fitting judge, for none like you know the spell-like arts—the winning tongue, the falsehood which looks like truth—of your husband. Degraded as I was, from the day I heard that he had offered you his hand I broke all intercourse with him.

"In my first fall," she added, "my sin was to God and to myself."

"So it wor, gal! so it wor, gal!" said her mother; "and they 'a no right to flout 'ee with it."

"Judge what I felt," resumed Mrs. Glyde, "when Mr. Gilbert Haman proposed that I should nurse his grandson. I dared not refuse [illegible] suspicion. Besides, [illegible] most generously [illegible]—by me. I consented; and the brothers—brothers in blood, but not in name nor rights—drew their life's nurture from my tortured bosom."

"And my infant—my first-born?" gasped Mrs. Bentley. "Nature must have whispered it to me——"

"Died! gently and without pain. It was doomed from its birth," replied the penitent. "When I saw but one child in the cradle, the devil, and the weak love of a mother's heart, suggested——"

"Don't b'leve her," interrupted the aged widow. "It wor I as 'gested.'"

"You were in a foreign land," continued Bessie, speaking rapidly, "not likely to return for months, his father with you, the visits of Mr. Haman brief and far between; the deception passed unquestioned."

"And Gilbert is not my son?"

"*He is mine*, though it be my shame to acknowledge it."

Mrs. Bentley threw herself into the arms of Frederick. The feelings which occupied her were those of joy rather than sorrow. The solitary reproach which had preyed upon her soul was removed for ever from her.

"You may spare yourself the trouble to finish the deed," said Mr. Ashton, taking the half-engrossed parchment from the hand of the astonished lawyer. "Under present circumstances, Mrs. Bentley most assuredly will not be permitted to sign it!"

Pale with rage and astonishment, and incapable of speech, Lady Augusta listened to the disclosures which blighted all her hopes; but the words of the speaker roused her from the species of lethargy into which she had fallen.

"A pretty romance!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Skeffington, you are not fool enough to believe it?"

"Certainly not, *without proof*," replied the solicitor.

"If it's proof yer want, marm," observed the widow Hannan, "I can give it yer. There's a mark—Natur put it on him. I can swear to my grandson."

"*Your grandson?*" shrieked her ladyship.

"Yes. I ain't a bit proud on him, though," replied the aged woman; "and you are my grand-darter! and I aint a bit proud o' you neither. My own boys are worth a hunnered on him; and Bessie, I wouldn't change her for two hunnered of the likes of you!"

"Rise, Mrs. Glyde," said Mrs. Bentley, speaking very faintly. "What you have told me appears so strange, has so surprised me, that I know not how to answer you. Of one thing feel assured, you have my deepest pity."

"Of course," exclaimed Lady Agusta, bitterly.

"But you believe me," said Bessie, fixing her eyes upon the person she had so cruelly wronged; "I am certain that you believe me."

"I do," said the lady, after a pause.

"Do you hear that, Gilbert?" exclaimed his wife—*your mother believes it!* your unnatural mother—your mother who never loved you! How, sir! are you dumb? Do you intend to submit to this disgrace, to this jugglery—deceit—concocted to rob you of your birthright? If you are so weak, I am not. What," she added, "I, the daughter of an earl, married to the son of that creature! Impossible—ridiculous! never—never!"

"This artifice is well concocted, madam," said Gilbert, addressing his real mother; "but have you reflected on the consequences—the danger of your imposture? The laws are most severe against perjury and conspiracy; and I warn you that you will find me merciless."

"As merciless as your father," replied Mrs. Glyde. "I know you."

"What proofs?"

"Do yer hear him? Proofs! Can't I swear it?"

"Peace, mother," said Bessie. "You ask for proofs, and it is only just that I should give them. Had there been one touch of human kindness in your disposition, I should have felt pity for your fall."

"The proofs, woman, the proofs!" interrupted the captain, savagely.

"My child, as the nurse and surgeon can prove, was born with a double-jointed wrist—double-jointed on the left hand."

The captain involuntarily clasped the fatal mark.

"Your child had no such peculiarity?" added the speaker, turning towards Mrs. Bentley.

"Certainly not," said Miss Westbury, answering for her niece, who found herself unable to reply to the question. "I often thought it singular, but not understanding such things——"

"And these pretended witnesses?"

"Are waiting," answered Mrs. Glyde. "Will you see them?"

Despite the remonstrances of Mr. Skeffington, they were asked into the room, and fully confirmed the statement which had been made.

"Mr. Haman," said Ashton, addressing Frederick, who, as our readers will recollect, had assumed his grandfather's name, "you had better remove your mother. This scene is becoming too painful for her to endure it longer. As for the will," he continued, taking the deed from the table, and placing it in his pocket, "*do your worst*. If you oppose probate, I will meet the opposition by the question—of which, by-the-by, there can be no question—of *your illegitimacy*. Unnatural son!" he added, "you are defeated every way; and those you thought to crush look down and scorn you."

"That wretched man, too!—a cotton-spinner!" shrieked her ladyship.

"You forget, sir," observed Frederick, deeply moved, "that he is my brother. Gilbert, whatever may be the consequence of these extraordinary disclosures, I shall not forget it."

"Hypocrite!" said his sister-in-law, with a sneer.

The lawyer whispered in her ear that the case was a hopeless one, and advised his aristocratic client not to provoke him.

"I'll be divorced. I'll—I'll—— That ever I should have married a man whose father was in trade!"

"Bad as the lad be, he be too good for 'ee—thah painted *Jeassabel!*" said the widow Hannan, bitterly.

Bessie advanced towards her son, and would have spoken; but the angry, ruined man, repulsed her harshly.

"If what you have said proves false, I'll hunt you to a prison," he muttered; "to ruin, beggary, death. If true——"

"It is true."

"Then, curse you!"

Having uttered these fearful words, he rushed from the chamber, leaving his wife to follow at her leisure.

Mrs. Glyde had fainted.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Peace! The charm's wound up.
SHAKSPEARE.

Humility, although a wholesome, is, undoubtedly, a bitter lesson. Frustrated as they were at every point; powerless alike for good or ill, as far as the position of Mrs. Bentley and her son was concerned; it was not without a severe struggle that the captain and his wife resigned themselves to submission. The illegitimacy of Gilbert deprived him of all *locus standi* in court; not even the lawyer—and lawyers are generally a sanguine race—was rash enough to advise him to proceed.

"I shall return to my family," said Lady Augusta.

"As you please, my dear."

"And sue for a divorce."

"*I will do anything in my power to assist you*," replied her husband in a tone of indifference, which under any other circumstances would have provoked an angry retort.

On consulting her relations, her ladyship found, to her astonishment, that they declined to receive her. Once married, they considered her off their hands. Her brother, the present earl, would not hear of her quitting her husband.

"Gilbert is a beggar," urged the affectionate wife.

"Not quite—he has his commission."

"What is that?"

"And you your diamonds."

None but a monster would have hinted at the sacrifice of them.

"By the sale of both the commission and jewels," added his lordship, "you may live very respectably in Boulogne—you will find many of your old friends there; but as for my doing anything for you, it is quite out of the question: I have the dignity of the family to keep up."

His sister spoke no more either of divorce or of returning to her family.

The sacrifices hinted at by the peer were rendered unnecessary by the generosity of Frederick, who, after allowing several days to pass, in order that his brother's evil feelings might subside, sought an interview with him.

"I am not going to reproach you for your past unkindness to me, Gilbert," said the generous fellow. "If you have at times forgotten the tie of blood between us, the moment has arrived when it would be heartless in me not to remember it. How much did my poor father allow you on your marriage?"

"Two thousand a year."

"It shall be continued to you."

"What!"

"For your life," added his brother. "Should you have children, it shall descend to them."

Lady Augusta began to weep.

"As for your wife——"

"She is thinking of a divorce," interrupted the captain; "or retiring to her family."

"What, leave your in your misery? Never! never!"

"It was your own proposal."

"In a moment of passion," replied her ladyship, "but never seriously."

Her husband smiled.

"As for your wife," repeated Frederick, "in the event of your death, an annuity of five hundred a year shall be secured to her."

The lady began to weep, but whether at his unexampled generosity or the recollection of the original magnificent settlement, we must leave our readers to decide.

"I accept," said Gilbert. "In my position I cannot refuse; and yet there is one thing would afford me greater pleasure even than your liberality."

"Name it."

"Your forgiveness, and that of the lady whose son I so long believed myself."

"Let me assure you of both," replied his brother, offering him his hand, which was accepted. "If I could only persuade you to one thing."

"Name it, Frederick—name it."

"You have a mother!"

"That woman!" ejaculated Lady Augusta, disdainfully. "I never will receive her."

"I will write to her," replied her husband, whose prudence rather than heart was softened; for he saw how much was to be gained by docility. "I will write to her."

"It is not for me to dictate," observed Frederick, "especially at such a moment; but write kindly to her, pray write kindly."

"I will."

Strange to say, he kept his word.

Bessie's great dread was the reproaches of her brother. She knew Willie's sensitiveness in any point of honor.

To her delight and surprise, he received her with more than usual affection.

"It wor all my fault, Willie, darlin'," said his aged mother; "I put it into her head."

"You have nobly atoned," said the blind man, "in trampling beneath your feet a pride that was not founded upon virtue. In humiliation and suffering, voluntarily endured, you redeemed your error; and He who reads all hearts, doubtless, will one day recompense it."

Shortly after his return to Manchester, Mr. Ashton was agreeably surprised by a visit from Twisselton Phlem. Till the affair of the will was finally settled the wary lawyer had carefully kept aloof, having both a professional and natural horror of the witness-box.

"Happy to see you," said the manufacturer, shaking him warmly by the hand. "Our troubles are pretty well over."

"Not all."

"True; we have your account to settle."

"My claims," answered his visitor, with a quiet smile, "are not very heavy ones. The trip to America answered my purpose in more senses than one."

"I do not understand you."

"A few words will explain," continued Phlem. "My late respected client, Mr. Lin—respected, you are aware, is the conventional phrase—has left considerable property in my hands. I am not only his legal but moral executor. A part of it I intend to settle upon the man he so cruelly outraged."

"But he had relatives."

"I am aware he had. There is a slight provision for Lin's mother."

"She will not need it," replied Mr. Ashton. "Blood, they say, rarely belies itself. Her son must have been a mere half-caste, for, with all his cunning, the old woman outwitted him."

"How so?"

"By abstracting daily a portion of his illicit gains. She has re-purchased the house at Deansgate, and carries on the business as usual."

"And the uncle?"

"Her brother-in-law is with her."

During the day the two gentlemen paid a visit to the shop. Nell and John Lee were both behind the counter, actively engaged in their dishonest trade—buying from the necessitous weavers the remnants of their former prosperity.

As several minutes elapsed before they could obtain speech with her, they had time to observe that the old woman kept the key of the till, receiving and paying all moneys herself.

"Have you forgotten me, Mrs. Lee, demanded the lawyer. "I am——"

"I know yer well enough," interrupted the harridan. "John, look to the things. What do yer want here? The house is mine—bought it with my own 'arnin's—everything in it is mine. I defy you to touch 'em."

"Believe me, I have no intention."

"The better for yer—the better for yer."

"You are aware of the death of your son, I presume?"

"Ah, the fool!" replied the affectionate mother. "It wor his fate to meddle wi' the house-dwellers; I've nothink to say to 'em out o' bizziness."

"The late Mr. Lin left a will."

"Nothink of his; all mine. Aint it, John?"

"All," repeated the old man, emphatically.

"In which he made a slight provision for you."

"Did he, though? He wor a good lad, after all," said Nell, pretending to wipe her eyes. "How much?"

"Fifty pounds a year."

"No more?"

"Not a shilling."

"Then he was a villain and a thief. I ought to ha' had it all. I worked hard enough for him."

"But you helped yourself," observed the lawyer.

The woman grinned.

"Amply, I should say," added the speaker, looking round him.

"Lin wor sharp, had good pints about him; but he wor no match for his mother. I came of the rale Romanny stock, and aint easily choused."

"So I perceive."

"Anything for me?" demanded John Lee.

"Not even his blessing," replied Phlem.

"He wor welcome to keep it," replied the old fellow, drily. "Never dealt in such articles, and don't care perticularly about 'em."

In order to terminate the affairs of his executorship at once, the lawyer paid a sum of money down, taking a receipt, which prevented any annoyance on the part of Mrs. Lee, who possibly might have pleaded partnership with her son.

The rest of the felon's property he divided into two equal portions, one of which he settled upon Willie, and retained the other for himself.

Our readers will, doubtless, agree with us that he deserved it.

Our tale is nearly closed. Captain and Mrs. Drake never put into Liverpool without running over and paying a visit to Blanche and her grateful husband.

For several years Bessie, from a feeling of delicacy, absented herself from the neighborhood where Mrs. Bentley resided, happy in the love of her son and her grandchildren.

Sam and his wife dwelt near his blind brother. His intelligence and activity soon placed him in a position which left him little to envy.

The widow Hannan frequently observes, in moments of confidence with old John, "There are wus things in the world than book larnin'."

THE END.

SAGACITY OF DOGS.

Among many curious yet well authenticated anecdotes, illustrating the wonderful sagacity, or reasoning powers of the canine race, the following deserves a place: A large Newfoundland dog, belonging to the captain of a ship engaged in the trade between Nova Scotia and Greenock. On one occasion the captain brought from Halifax a beautiful cat, which formed a particular acquaintance with Rover; and these two animals of such different natures were almost inseparable during the passage. On arriving at Greenock, the cat was presented by the captain to a lady of his acquaintance, who resided nearly half a mile from the quay, in whose family she remained for several weeks, and was occasionally visited by her friend and fellow-passenger, Rover, who seemed not a little displeased at the separation which had taken place between them. On the day, however, when the ship was to leave the port for another voyage, the usual bustle on board gave Rover a hint of what was going on, and he decided on his course of conduct without delay. He jumped on shore, made his last visit to puss, seized her in his teeth, much to her astonishment, and carried her through the streets to the quay, just as the ship was about hauling off. He made a spring, cleared the gunwale, and fairly shipped his feline friend in good order and well conditioned, in and upon the good ship called the Nancy of Greenock; and then ran to his master, wagging his tail, as if entreating that she might remain on board.

THREE GOOD SHIPS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Three good ships came sailing in,
Long ago, ay, long ago—
Three good ships came sailing in
So early in the morning,
And all the winds to th' shore did blow,
And all the sails were as white as snow,
So early in the morning.

Three good ships so brave and new,
Long ago, ay, long ago,
Three good ships so brave and new
Early in the morning,
And th' sea was smooth and th' sky was blue,
And every soul on board was true,
Early in the morning.

Sailing over the silver sea,
Long ago, ay, long ago,
Freighted with freight that was all for me
Early in the morning,
And "Hope" and "Faith," they were stout and tall,
But "Love" was the best ship of them all,
Early in the morning.

Three good ships a-sailing in,
Long ago, ay, long ago,
Three good ships a-sailing in
Early in the morning;
But there were breakers to be crossed,
And one of the three good ships was lost,
Early in the morning.

Two good ships a-sailing in,
Slow and sad and sad and slow,
Two good ships a-sailing in
Through the cloudy morning;
For air and sky were all a-frown,
And of the two ships one went down,
In the mournful morning.

Sailing over the solemn sea,
Through the foam, th' cold white foam,
One good ship is left to me
Far away from the morning;
Hope and Love, they both are gone,
But Faith is sailing sadly on
Toward the eternal morning.

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 32.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

BEN. GILROY AS A DIPLOMAT.

The month of August opened pleasantly. On the 3d we hauled up by the margin of a fine fountain where Artoly discovered the spoor of an elephant. We remained there two days, hoping to fall in with one or more of the ivory-bearing mammoths; but no such fortune awaited us at that place. The spoor was old, and had probably been left by some wanderer that had indulged in a tramp of unusual latitude. I was not disappointed, however, for I had not calculated to find any elephants in this section. And, more still, the two days were not lost, for we captured three splendid elands and two full-grown ostriches.

On the 8th we stopped at a small Kaffir village a few leagues south of the chief town of Mosilikatse's dominions. The patriarch of this village was a wretched old miser, named Zoskiti, and I planned to get beyond his reach as soon as possible. But there was difficulty in our way. Tickomy and Artoly learned from some of the natives that Mosilikatse had determined that no more white hunters should cross his territory. He laid claim to all the rich hunting country as far north as the Zambesi, which was over three hundred miles distant, and was determined that no more ivory should be taken away by strangers. I had heard enough of Mosilikatse to know that he could give us much trouble if he chose, and I was anxious, if possible, to avoid him. He might try to prevent our passage across his territory; and, in case he allowed us to go, he would probably lumber his consent with stipulations that would stagger us. Harry and I conferred together, and finally announced to Zoskiti that we should return to the south. We told him that we did not intend to hunt any further to the northward at that time. Artoly had informed us that he could lead us by a way to the eastward, which, though not so direct and easy as the route through Mosilikatse's town, would be likely to deliver us from much trouble. Accordingly, on the 10th we inspanned and started back to the southward. Some of the old patriarch's people followed us all day long, but when night came they returned towards their village, seeming to be satisfied that we were really leaving their country. At all events they talked with Artoly and Zebul as though they believed what we had told them.

At noon of the next day we struck an old river bed and turned off to the eastward and spent the quarter part of that night on the march, taking only a few hours' rest towards morning. Upon leaving the river-bed we entered a grand old forest, where we found an abundance of game, though not of the kind we wanted. Of antelopes, wilde-beestes, buffaloes, and such like animals we had captured about enough; and our present desire was to fill up with ivory. We had confidence, if we could reach the rich hunting country towards the Zambesi, that we should find elephants enough. So on we pushed, stopping to take only such game as we wanted for food, hoping to spend the month of September in more lucrative and enlivening employment.

Abner Jackson could hardly contain himself. He had grown sick of shooting so much stuff which had no real return of gold and silver. He wanted ivory; or, if the ivory could not be found, he would be satisfied with the turning up a rich gold mine. We did not doubt the truth of his declaration, though we believed that all the gold he found would have to be transmuted from leaden bullets. Old Ben was desirous of reaching the land of elephants; but he did not allow himself to fret. A good fat buffalo, from which could be cut tender, juicy steaks, pleased him; and as for a choice of the different varieties of game, he was influenced more by the texture of the flesh, and its fitness for the stew-pan and gridiron, than he was by any money value of hide or horn. Still he enjoyed the sport, and was most emphatically a valuable member of our party. His genial good nature was prolific of joy and sunshine, and his ability to abstract fun from Fitzeben was quite an item in the sum of our entertainments.

Harry Rusk and myself were in for sport, for adventure, for sight-seeing, and for travel; and I cannot deny that the prospect of a valuable capture of ivory was pleasing. Still the pecuniary return was not our chief aim. We were gaining valuable information, and the experience we were daily adding to our stock of mental treasures was worth more than money.

On the 15th we opened out into a sandy plain, and while we were congratulating ourselves that we had escaped being overhauled by Mosilikatse we saw a company of more than a hundred natives approaching us from the westward. They were armed with bows and spears, and were led by a man who, Zebul informed us, was one of Mosilikatse's chief officers, named Bamito. They came in sight from a grove of palms, not more than half a mile distant, and pretty soon a messenger came up who informed us that his chief, Bamito, desired to speak with us. I told him that we would wait where we were.

It was now very near noon, and while the messenger returned for his master, I directed Gash and Fitzeben to make preparations for dinner. Ere long the natives were drawn up near our wagons, and their leader, accompanied by a guard of three men, approached. He was a stout fellow, rather inclined to obesity, and gave signs of being what Abner denominated "a brick." He said he wished to speak with our leader. I directed Artoly to inform him that the four white men whom he saw were all leaders, and that any matters of business he had to communicate might be spoken freely.

Bamito then said, speaking through our interpreter, that he had been sent out by the high and mighty Mosilikatse, the lord and master of all the territory round about, to intercept the white travellers who had entered his dominions.

"Very well," said I, "you have found us. What next?"

Artoly rendered my speech, and Bamito returned:

"Mosilikatse, the high and mighty, will have no foreign hunters in his dominions except by his permission. They carry away much ivory, and depopulate his forests. He learned that you were crossing the plains, and he feared that you were trying to avoid him; but the eyes of his sentinels are keen, and the passage in this far way will not save you."

I then asked what they proposed to do. What was required of us?

We must accompany Bamito to Mosilikatse's town. The great king wished to see us.

I intimated that such a proceeding would discommode us very much.



Bamito smiled in disdain. He thought we must be crazy. The king had ordered that we should be brought before him. Were we foolish enough to imagine there could be any appeal from that august mandate?

I spoke apart with my companions. This was certainly a bad fix. If we were forced to go to Mosilikatse's town it would take us far out of the way from our present course, and waste more than a week of our time; and, furthermore, we would have a prospect of being much longer detained if we got within the clutches of the sable monarch. What should we do? Of course we could not resist. We had openly resisted and defied bands of marauding Kaffirs and Bechuanas; but it would not do to resist by force the authority of this powerful king.

"There is no help for it," said I, after we had sufficiently bemoaned our fate. "I know that we shall lose much time, and be subjected to great inconvenience; but we must put up with it."

"The loss of time and the inconvenience isn't the worst," suggested Harry Rusk, with an uncomfortable shake of the head. "If that rascally king gets hold of us we may not so easily get through his dominions. I can see very plainly where the pinch comes. He knows that, if we once get among the elephants, we shall make a slaughter, and he would like to keep us out."

"Aye," added Abner, "and he will find excuses enough for keeping us back."

Old Ben, who had sat scratching his head while Harry and I had been talking, looked up at this point, and informed us that he had got an idea. Said he, pointing to Bamito:

"I reckon, from the looks of that old knothead, that I can handle him. I wonder if he's got perfect control of his men."

We were confident that he had.

"Then," said Ben, "let me take charge of this concern a little while. Let the old chap think I'm hicockolarum, will ye?"

We gave our consent, and Ben got up and called to Artoly.

"Look ye, Artoly, I'm master of this concern. Tell Mister Bamito that if he'll come with me I'll fix matters with him."

While Artoly did the errand Ben whispered to Fitzeben, who went away to one of the wagons, where he made a little arrangement of a social aspect.

Pretty soon Bamito bowed to Ben Gilroy, and signified his readiness to listen to any proposition he had to make.

"We won't talk here," said Ben. "Let us go and sit down in the shade, and take it comfortably."

The sable chieftain had no objections to this arrangement. He followed Ben to the wagon, where Fitzeben had drawn out the after-flap in the shape of an awning, and spread a mat upon the sand. As the two diplomats took their seats upon the mat, old Fitz brought forward a large blue glass decanter and two glass tumblers.

"Before we talk," said Ben, "let us invigorate ourselves with a small potion of life-cordial."

When Artoly had rendered this invitation Bamito smiled and nodded his head. He could not refuse the proffered kindness of his white brother.

The decanter contained pure old Monongahela of the smoothest and most delectable kind. Bamito drank half a tumbler full, and pronounced it very good; though he suggested that he had tasted liquor a great deal stronger.

Ah, he didn't understand that kind of beverage. Its oily smoothness hid its real strength. He drank a second glass, and then Ben wished to know if there was not some way by which we could be allowed to proceed directly on our journey.

Bamito shook his head. He didn't know of any such way.

"But," queried Ben, "I suppose you have authority to act as you see fit?"

He said he had.

"I suppose none of these men who have accompanied you would dare to question your right to do as you please?"

The sable diplomat was astonished at such a question. The men who had come out with him were slaves. He held their lives in his hand. They had better die than disobey him.

Ben begged Bamito's pardon, and gave him another glass of whiskey.

Ben had not been deceived in his calculations touching the "old knothead's" character. The fellow not only loved whiskey, but it completely softened and unbent him. Ben sang and snapped his fingers, and Bamito laughed, and drank more liquor. At a proper time, when the chieftain was in the height of his fuddle, Ben sprang upon him a proposition for allowing us to move on. Bamito laughed and said he couldn't do it; but his refusal was weak—so weak that Ben ventured to offer him the blue glass decanter, if he would let us go. Bamito's reply to this was as unexpected as it was favorable.

"Fill it up with life-cordial," he said, "and you may go."

The decanter was quickly filled; and as soon as Bamito had taken possession of it, we made all possible haste to be on the move. The oxen and horses had eaten enough, and we could take our dinner on the march. We feared if we gave him time, that he might recant. But he did not do it. He was too gloriously drunk to think further of his duty to his king; and we left him admiring the decanter, and sipping its contents by turns. Some of his followers showed a desire to interfere with his arrangements; but this, instead of working against us, worked in our favor; for the opposition of his men made him dogged in his purpose, and he swore that it should be as he had decided. The last I saw of him he was being led by two of his servants, still clutching the tumblers and the decanter in his hands.

Old Ben, if not a diplomat of the first water, had at least proved himself to be shrewd in the use of whiskey; and I have no hesitation in saying that his handling of Bamito saved us many days of time, and many dollars of money.

As soon as we were out of sight of the Kaffir crew we hurried on with all speed, travelling far into the night, and not until we had put the distance of three days between ourselves and the emissaries of [illegible] cattle any reasonable rest. At the end of this time we felt quite easy, believing that there was no further trouble to be apprehended from the "high and mighty king of Mashona."

For these three days I had not fired a gun; but I made up for it on the very evening of our stop. Just as Gash was preparing supper a herd of buffaloes broke cover close at hand, and in a very few moments I was upon old Morgan's back with my double-barrel in my hand. With a shout and a yell I gave chase, and in less than ten minutes my flying steed was up with the herd. I took a shot at a fat old bull upon the fly, bringing him down with a ball plump through his heart; and in two minutes more I discharged my second barrel at a young cow that was just crossing my path. Harry was with me in the work, and together we brought down five of the best of the flock.

Ben Gilroy was not in a hurry that night for his supper. He kept his appetite until Fitzeben had broiled him an enormous steak from the rump of the fattest of our buffaloes.

HEROINES OF MALE WRITERS.

What was the heroine of the book like? I'll tell you. She was one of those soft, senseless, silky, creamy, yielding, "clinging" creatures, that English novelists constantly repeat, as their ideal of a household angel. A thing so profoundly impressed with man's superiority, that she would no more think of venturing on a sentiment, that was not an echo of his opinions, than she would think of altering the Litany. A being, always trembling with suspense, till her lord has pronounced his mutton chop and coffee good. Who laughs, or is serious, according to his dictation. In fine, who pleases him best, the nearer she approaches idiocy, always save in the matter of his dinner.

You see, one gets yawning after a while over this model English-doll, and craves a little common sense. One wonders whether there is no variety in the species; or if they are all cut out after this same, monotonous pattern. By the frequency of its repetition, even by the best English writers, one is led to conclude, that this is "the style" of female most in vogue there. The only variety appears to be, and actually one turns to it with a feeling of relief, its antipodes—"the strong-minded woman," who is represented by them as *rendered by knowledge* unable to comb her hair, or cleanse her skin; whose clothes are pitched on her person as the gods please; who disdains clean finger-nails, and shoes up at the heel, and drives four-in hand over all the proprieties; an awful warning to her own sex, not to meddle with books, instead of gridirons and shirt-buttons.

Now, I may be mistaken, but it strikes me that true feminity is not always quenched in a woman, when she takes an interest in things other than these. I never could understand, why a woman who reads and thinks for herself, instead of having her thinking done for her, and who converses on the same topics that intelligent men converse about, should thereby, as a matter of course, sacrifice all claim to love and respect; or of necessity make a worse mother to her children, or a more indifferent mistress of a household. Nor do I imagine, as these gentlemen seem to suppose, that the feminine fool is the *easiest* style of woman to manage; extreme cunning being always the characteristic of such. Also, I trust, for the honor of "the happy homes of England," that all its females, as some of its writers would have us believe, are not either idiots, or shrews; I trust they may venture an honest opinion by their own fireside, or elsewhere, without English ground for a divorce, and without being brow-beaten into their slippers by their other halves. I trust reading a good book, does not of necessity peril the precious family pudding. I indulge a hope that she might own an inkstand, and yet have smooth hair, and a nicely-fitting dress, and a neat foot of her own. Also I trust the stalwart Johnnies over the water *have no domestic ax to grind* when they thus limit their women to mental pap and panada. The amount of it is, I shall have to step over there and judge for myself. If I should you would not catch me buying a "Guide Book," to tell me when, or where, or how I must admire or condemn. "Lords and ladies" are getting too threadbare for me. If there is a spot in England that nobody else would ever think worth writing about, I presume that would be just the place where *I* should pitch my inkstand and my bandbox.

But that is neither here nor there. I have my little wolfishness at present about a few things Johnny has been doing lately, and so I don't think of visiting him till he has asked my pardon as a loyal Union woman. But waiving that point, I have a remark to make, which it strikes me is as true as profound, viz: That the most unnatural and improbable thing on earth is generally a male-writer's heroine. You see, he just takes little bits of all the women he ever knew, and builds up a creature who has no more symmetry, or human semblance, than a child's crude drawing has to the real tree or animal he tries to portray. His *millinery*, too, is as astounding as the feminine conversations to which he treats us, particularly those of the "boudoir." Mark those very intimate and close soul-communings which these gentlemen revel in delineating, and which are as much like the real thing as a stuffed baby is like a leaping live one. However, to borrow the patronising style of criticism used in speaking of female books, *they are very well for men's* books, and may pay for the perusal if one has nothing better to do.

FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. R. K.—The law authorizes the appointment of one Cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point from each Congressional District, from each Territory and from the District of Columbia, and requires that he shall be an actual resident of the District or Territory from which he is appointed. In addition to these, the law authorizes the appointment of ten Cadets *at large;* that is, without reference to residence. Candidates must be over sixteen and under twenty-one years of age, *at the time of entrance into the Military Academy.* They must be at least five feet in height, and free from any deformity, disease, or infirmity, which would render them unfit for the military service, as well as from any disorder of an immoral or infectious character. They must be able to read well, spell correctly, write a fair and legible hand, and to perform with facility and accuracy the various operations of the four ground rules of Arithmetic; of reduction, of simple and compound proportion, and of vulgar and decimal fractions. No person will be appointed who is known to have had a brother appointed to the Military Academy. It must also be understood that every candidate will, soon after his arrival at West Point, be subjected to a riged physical examination by an experienced Medical Board; and should there be found to exist in him any of the following causes of disqualification to such a degree as will probably impair his efficiency, he will be rejected:—1. Feeble constitution, and muscular tenuity; unsound health from whatever cause; indications of former disease; glandular swellings, or other symptoms of scrofula. 2. Chronic cutaneous affections, especially of the scalp, or any disorder of an infectious character. 3. Severe injuries of the bones of the head; convulsions. 4. Impaired vision from whatever cause; inflammatory affection of the eye-lids; immobility or irregularity of the iris; fistula lachrymalis, &c. 5. Deafness; copious discharges from the ears. 6. Loss of many teeth, or the teeth generally unsound. 7. Impediment of speech. 8. Want of due capacity to the chest, and any other indications of a liability to a pulmonic disease. 9. Impaired or [illegible] mities on account of fractures, especially of the clavicle, contraction of a joint, extenuation, deformity, &c. 10. An unnatural excurvature or incurvature of the spine. 11. Hernia. 12. A varicose state of the veins, of the scrotum and spermatic chord, (when large,) sarcocele, hydrocele, hemorrhoids, fistulas. 13. Impaired or inadequate efficiency of one or both of the inferior extremities on account of varicose veins, fractures, malformation, (flat feet, &c.,) lameness, contraction, unequal length, bunyons, overlying or supernumerary toes, &c. 14. Ulcers, or unsound cicatrices of ulcers likely to break out fresh. Application for appointment may be made by the candidate himself, or by a parent, guardian, or friend, at any time within the twelve months next preceding the time for making appointments, and should be addressed to the Secretary of War. No preference is given on account of priority of application, and no information can be given as to the probability of success. The letter of application must state the fixed abode of the candidate, the number of the Congressional district in which he resides, and whether he has had a brother appointed to the Military Academy. It must also state his precise age, his height, and whether he possesses all the qualifications above set forth. Appointments are made in February or March, and the successful candidates are required to present themselves at the Academy in the following June. Should you have any fears as to your ability to pass the above-mentioned examination by the Medical Board of the Academy, you might ascertain beforehand by getting some competent physician and surgeon to give you a private examination with a view to ascertaining your physical condition.

P. B.—There are no volunteers in the United States service who have enlisted or can be held for a longer term than three years. Drafted men are stated to be entitled to the same pay and bounties that are given to volunteers, and they are bound to service for three years. Persons who enlist in the veteran *corps* are bound to serve out the full term of their enlistment, but if the war should close before the expiration of that time, the government would have the option of mustering them out of service.

J. H. wishes us to inform "SCOUT" who inquired for a cure for the asthma in a late number of the LEDGER, that his (J. H.'s) father cured himself of an unusually severe attack of that malady, by chewing logwood, a piece of which he constantly carried in his pocket from off which he occasionally cut a bit for chewing purposes. Since that time J. H. says he has recommended the same cure to others afflicted with the asthma, and always with success.

LAURA.—Your best way to find out the whereabouts of the soldier you refer to would be to write a letter to him, addressing it to him at Washington, D.C., and putting the name of his company and regiment on the superscription. A letter so addressed would be almost certain to reach him.

J. R. B., Windsor, C. W.—The sentence, "I won't stay at this business longer than I can help," is correct. The other sentence you submit is so palpably incorrect that a child of ordinary intelligence might detect its inaccuracy by ear simply without knowing anything about the rules of grammar.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—An Æolian Harp can be made by stretching a few threads of silk across a window, just beneath the upper sash, outside, in such manner that they will vibrate freely when acted upon by the atmosphere. There is no rule about the adjustment, and you must keep trying until you hit the happy mean.

B. H. G., AND OTHERS.—We shall not republish the story of the HIDDEN HAND, by Mrs. Southworth. You are right as to its great popularity; but it can be had in back numbers of the LEDGER, which can be ordered through any newsdealer, and will cost 92 cents.

J. M., Camp Bedford.—If your company enlisted for three years, their term of service will expire three years from the time when they were mustered into the United States service, and not three years from the date of the "call" in response to which they enlisted.

A TRUE LOVER.—Perhaps your letters have been intercepted by some one who is inimical to you—by a rival perhaps, or by some of the young lady's relatives who are opposed to her marrying you. You should not doubt her truth until you have *proofs* of her disloyalty.

THOMAS ORR.—You and your friend are both wrong as to the "framing of the constitution." It was elaborated by a convention which consisted of all the wisest men, probably, then living in America, and was not drawn up by any one man.

BREMEN.—You can probably go to Montreal without the slightest impediment, if you have money enough to pay your fare.

J. W.—In beginning a letter to the President of the United States, the phrase "MR. PRESIDENT" would be much preferable to "YOUR EXCELLENCY."

CROPPINGS sends us the following case for settlement, from the other side of the world. He says: "At a social party in our neighborhood a few evenings since, a gentleman acquaintance of the writer was introduced to a young lady, they both having previously been entire strangers to each other. During the evening they danced together twice or three times; and she being pretty and otherwise rather fascinating, the consequence was that before the party broke up *he* was badly *smitten*. Now, *early* on the *following* morning—without having intimated anything of the kind to the young lady whatever during the evening before—he addressed her a *note*, asking the pleasure of her company to attend a ball, to come off in the neighborhood within a few days from that time. The note *was not* answered. Now, as there has been some talk about it since in the neighborhood, I wish to know your opinion in the matter. *Was* the gentleman, under the circumstances, warranted in addressing the young lady such a note, and did not she, under the same circumstances, act with just propriety in not recognizing it?" The lady of course had a *right* to disregard the note; still, if it was a polite and sincere one, she might have replied to it in a lady-like manner without suffering any loss of dignity. At the very worst, it could only be said of the writer of it that his admiration outran his discretion.

A LADY READER sends us the following "love puzzle," which really presents a most singular "criss-cross," as the children say. "Two gentlemen," she says, "have recently asked my heart and hand in marriage. I've been acquainted with Mr. A three years, and know him to be a kind, noble, Christian man. I have a great respect for him, and his society is at all times agreeable to me. Mr. B I have been acquainted with only one year; though I love him, and believe him to be as good and virtuous as Mr. A, yet I'm not so well satisfied with his love for me. Mr. A has been so situated as to become better acquainted with and really know me better than Mr. B probably could by visiting me three or four years longer; and I feel quite satisfied that his love for me will be more true and lasting. I do not think Mr. B loves me half as well as I do him, or half as well as Mr. A loves me. Now, Mr. Editor, you will confer a lasting favor on me if you will advise me as to which of these two gentlemen I will be most likely to live the happiest with." We shall not try to solve such a riddle as the one you propose. You evidently do not "know your own mind;" nor is it likely that you love Mr. B half as much as you fancy you do, for if you did you would hardly be debating whether you had better marry him or some one else. Real, downright love does not work in that way.

J. B. C., of Wilton, Conn., thinks that A. W. G. of Nebraska, loses sight of one of the main points in the "*Ditch Problem*," namely, the *amount* of work to be done by each. There are three points of consideration according to J. B. C.'s theory—the *amount* of work, the *time occupied*, and the *sum paid*. Two men, A and B, agree to dig a ditch 100 yards long for $100. By a subsequent agreement A begins at one end of the ditch and receives 75 cents per yard, while B, beginning at the other end, receives $1.25 per yard. What part must each dig to earn $50? By the conditions we understand that one part of the ditch must be easy digging and an equal part harder digging; 50 yards at 75 cents per yard=$37.50; 50 yards at $1.25 per yard=$62.50+$37.50=$100. Again, while A digs one yard at 75 cents, B digs but 3-5ths of one yard to earn 75 cents. Therefore A's progress is to B's as 5:3, so that when A shall have done 50 yards at 75 cents per yard, B will have done but 30 yards at $1.25 per yard, leaving unfinished 20 yards at $1.25 per yard, of which A and B each does 10 yards. We then find that A has dug 50 yards at 75 cents per yard=$37.50, and 10 yards at $1.25 per yard=$12.50+37.50=$50; B 40 yards at $1.25 per yard=$50. A digs 60 yards, B 40, and each receives $50.

X. Y. Z., of Camptonville, Yuba Co., Cal., says: "I am a subscriber to your valuable paper, and an attentive reader of the same. In your issue of June 27th was an article headed 'SHAMS—DIPLOMACY OF PRIVATE LIFE,' which particularly struck me. I therefore (as I have often done before) drew black lines down the margin, to call attention to it. Now, it so happened that a neighbor had been in the habit of borrowing my LEDGER as soon as it arrived; and on this occasion seeing the piece with the black lines drawn down the sides, he took great offence at the same, and bringing the paper back, laid it on the table and walked out, in high dudgeon, and has not been near us since, although he was a daily visitor previous. Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to know if I did anything wrong in drawing the lines down the margin, and if any *one* person had a right to take the piece to himself unless he felt that the shoe pinched?" You certainly have a right to make any marks you please on your LEDGER; and if any sponging neighbor takes offence thereat, you have no call to pacificate him.

COUSIN.—All we can say as to the undesirableness of cousins intermarrying with one another, is simply that some physicians contend that the offspring of such marriages are apt to possess less mental power than, and to be inferior in point of physical vigor and health to, other children. On what facts or principles they base their theories, or whether they have any theory at all or not, we can not say. On the other hand, some eminent physicians maintain that there is no objection to the intermarriage of cousins, and that their offspring average in all respects as well as other children. They say that if two cousins, who are perfectly well in all respects and have sound constitutions, intermarry, their offspring will be sound and vigorous; but that if unsound people, whether cousins or not, intermarry, *their* offspring may be feeble in mind and body, and even degenerate into imbeciles. We express no opinion on the subject.

A SUBSCRIBER, (Cambridge City, Ind.)—Flora Temple, the celebrated trotting mare, is alive, and probably as fast as ever she was. She is owned by a wealthy gentleman (a Mr. McDonald, of Baltimore, Md.) Flora was seized by the United States authorities in this city, two years ago, on the ground that her owner was a secessionist. Mr. McDonald, however, established the fact by affidavits and certificates that he was a Union man, and the mare was released; but he was so much offended at the attempt to confiscate her here that he declared she should never trot again in any Northern city. That is the reason, as we are informed, why she has not appeared in public during the past two years.

C. W. R.—This correspondent writes us a doleful letter, in which he says, "I am engaged to be married, and now I am drafted. Would you go to the war, or would you pay the exemption money? Three hundred dollars is all I am worth; and now shall I leave *her*, or shall I pay out all the money I have got, and so have nothing left to start with. Give me your advice." A lady to whom we stated your case, in order to get "the female view" of such matters, suggests that your best course would be to give the young lady the three hundred dollars, and go to the war yourself. How does that idea strike *your* mind?

J. H.—"A dispute has arisen," says J. H., "between A and B, the former contending that an Irishman who enlists in the British service is an Irish soldier, and the latter that he is an English soldier. Now, which is correct?" It depends somewhat on the mode in which you apply the adjectives. If you use *English* as synonymus with *British*, as writers often do, then both may be said to be right. The Irishman in one sense would certainly be an *Irish* soldier, and he would also be a *British* soldier, just as an English or Scotch soldier would be if he was in the British service.

H. B. R.—The probability is that you will never recover your lost property, because you will lack the energy and perseverance necessary to achieve such a triumph. A man who will allow himself to be imposed upon, and humbugged, and overrun for a series of years, and who will permit himself to be stripped of a fortune, is not apt to develop those traits of character which are best adapted to win his fortune back out of the clutches of the spoilers.

EUGENE says he is desperately in love with a young lady who, he believes, also loves him; but that, whenever he begins to "pop the question," she begins to cry and leaves the room. "What," asks EUGENE, "is a fellow to do in such a fix as that?" We really do not know, unless he should "pop the question" so suddenly, that the young lady could not interrupt him by crying, nor get out of the room before the die was cast. Blurt it out plumply.

CLERKS, at Head Quarters.—Either spelling of the plural of bureau which you mention, namely, bureaus or bureaux, is correct. The former is what is called the *English* and the latter the *French* orthography of the word.

NANCETTE.—You should write your insulted lover an explanatory and apologetic letter, confessing your faults and asking his forgiveness.

WALTER.—The "Forest Adventures" by Col. Dunlap are numbered, so you can easily ascertain how many have been published at any given time.

MERCHANT.—As a general rule, it is not proper to correct in company mistakes that may be made in conversation.

INVERARY.—We have no information concerning the family of which you speak, or of any member of it.

MORTIMER.—You did about the best thing that could have been done under the circumstances.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*